

THE
Vocal Medley

PART the SECOND,
BEING

A Collection of Two Hundred
and Forty One

Of the most celebrated

ENGLISH and SCOTCH
SONGS,

None of which are in the first Part.

Great Care has been taken in the

CHOICE

Of this COLLECTION,

That none but the best SONGS are inserted.

Most of them having been Sung

WITH

Universal Applause at the public

Theatres and Gardens,

In and about LONDON.

Y O R K :

Printed and Sold by JOHN JACKSON, in
Peter-Gate. Price 1s. 6d.

THE

General History

OF THE

Alphabetical

47
3 13
10/8





A N
Alphabetical TABLE
OF THE
S O N G S.

	Page
A Dicu the Streams that smoothly flow	36
Ah Chloe thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast	61
Ah Damon dear Shepherd adieu	72
Ah Madam you are too severe	136
Ah welladay must I endure	57
Ah why must Words my Flame reveal ?	78
All the Blessings of Mankind fall on thee sweet Miss	131
As Archers and Fiddlers who cunningly know	157
As Chloe came into the Room a'other Day	34
As Chloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool Air	54
As Damon in a Summer's Day	22
As in the blooming Spring	150
A Slave to the Fair from my Childhood I've been	113
Affist me ev'ry tuneful Bard	4
As soon as the Chaos was made into Form	166
As tink'ring Tom thro' th' Streets his Trade did cry	157
As t'other Day o'er the green Meadow I past	116
A Swain of Love despairing	100
At St. Olyth by the Mill	134
Away let nought to Love displeasing	158

	Page
Balmy Sweetness ever flowing	4
Believe not Youth with Wit or Sense	121
Bid me to live and I will live	126
Blyth Jockey young and gay	44
Boasting Fops who court the Fair	164
Bright Gloriana is the Saint	135
Britons in tuneful Lays	170
By a pratt'ling Stream on a Midsummer's Eve	23
By the Side of a Grove at the Foot of a Hill	58
Cast my Love thine Eyes around	110
Cease your Music gentle Swains	87
Chloe you shun my fond Embrace	36
Come dear Amanda, quit the Town	35
Come gentle God of soft Desire	71
Come live with me and be my Love	99
Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell	89
Come take up your Burthen, ye Dogs and away	93
Contented all Day, I will sit at your Side	119
Cupid's Power I despise	107
Cupid the blytheft Rogue alive	135
Cynthia trowns whenc'er I woo her	152
Damon t'avoid Love's fatal Snare	92
Damda why will you die for Love	146
Daughter sweet of Voice and Air	133
Dear Sylvia, no longer my Passion despise	45
Fair Hebe I left wth a cautious Design	91
False Chloe farewell thus I break from my Chain	41
Farewell aspiring Thoughts, no more	141
Forgive ye Fair, nor take it wrong	118
From beneath a cool Shade	127
Gay Florimel of noble Birth	60
Gentle Air thou Breath of Lovers	49
Gentle Youth, ah! why this pressing	122

of the SONGS.

iii

Page

Good Damon if you will you may 47
 Good People attend to my Song and you'll find 48
 Great Bacchus is mighty, in giving us Wine 53

Hard is the Fate of him who loves 73
 Hark, hark 'tis a Voice from the Tomb 46
 Hark how the Cries in every Street 125
 Haste, haste Phillis haste, 'tis the first of the May 23
 Haste Lorenzo, hither fly 122
 Haste my Nannette my lovely Maid 113
 Has the Arrow of Cupid ne'er lodg'd in your
 Breast 151

Hither ye wanton Powers resort 91
 Honest Lover whatsoever 59
 How blyth was I each Morn to see 5
 How can they taste of Joys or Grief 20
 How giddy is Youth, yet above all Advice 117
 How happy's the Lover, whose Cares are no
 more 105

How hard is the Fortune of all Woman-kind 95
 How hard to me does Fortune prove 137
 How long must Women wish in vain 164
 How vile are the sordid Intrigues of the Town 163
 How sweet are the Flowers, how lovely the Spring 25

Ianthe the lovely the Joy of the Plain 86
 If a Lover is told, he is false to his Fair 66
 If Beauty's Lure alone invite 95
 I fear'd your Love, I know you're fair 151
 If I say tho' 'tis Gospel, that Rachael is fair 74
 If Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment 48
 If Musick be the Food of Love 153
 If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r 70
 I'll sing of my Lover, all Night and all Day 8
 I lov'd fair Cælia many Years 167
 I met in our Village a Swain t'other Day 37
 In all the Sex some Charms I find 67

	Page
Is a small pleasant Village by Nature compleat	100
Is Cupid's fam'd School wou'd ye take a Degree	124
In vain I try my every Art	106
In vain the fleeting Clouds we chide	73
I once was prudish vain and grave	107
I sing of a Damsel just turn'd of sixteen	146
It is not Beauty I requir	117
It is not that I love you less	129
Kind God of Sleep since it must be	129
Leave Neighbours your Work	115
Let others sing in loftier Eys	115
Let Rakes for Pleasure range the Town	115
Let the daring Advent'ers be told on the Main	154
Long by an idle Passion tost	139
Love never more shall give me Pain	102
Love thou art best of human Joys	154
Moggy dear Moggy why thus am I slighted	107
Mortals wisely learn to measure	100
My dear Mistress had a Heart	11
My Pride is to hold all Mankind in my Chain	11
Near Thames green Banks a love-lorn Nymph	95
Nestor who did to thrice Man's Age attain	169
No more of my Harriot, of Folly no more	51
No, poor suffering Heart	162
Not Cælia that I juster am	10
Of all my Experience how vast the Amount	38
Of Freedom too fond or too wamon with Pride	76
Of Race divine thou needs must be	88
Oftam I by the Women told	95
Oh! let me unreserv'd declare	88
Oh! Phillis shame on you, to serve a Swain so	63

of the SONGS.

V
Page

Old Chancer once to this re-ecchoing Grove	18
O lovely Cælia heavenly Maid	128
On a mossy Bank reclin'd	96
One Morn ere sweet Peggy	138
One Morning bright within the Grove	75
One of her Hands, one rosy Cheek lay under	60
On Pleasure's smooth Wings, how old Time	122
On the Brow of Richmond Hill	132
On thy Banks gentle Stour, when I breath'd	94
On Tree-top'd Hill or tufted Green	80
O thou for whom my Lyre I string	147
Possess of ev'ry blooming Grace	140
Path about the brisk Bowl	107
Sabina has a thousand Charms	159
Say Mira why is gentle Love	16
Says Damon to Phillis suppose my fond Eyes	104
Says Phelim in Ireland, no longer I'll Ray	130
See Amanda blooming Nature	88
See what Sweets this Wreath compose	73
Shall I wasting with Despair	136
Shon'd Fate in some kind Hour decree	120
Shon'd Love sincere devoid of Art	90
Shun not Cælia Love's soft Pleasure	137
Sick of the Town at once I flew	17
Since Cælia's unkind and denys me the Joy	112
Since Jeany thinks mean her Heart's Love	30
So sweet was young Damon so gentle	120
Spring returns the Fawns advance	10
Stern Winter has left us the Trees are in Bloom	14
Still to be neat, still to be dress'd	56
Stretch'd on the Turf in Sylvan Shades	146
Sure Sally is the loveliest Lass	111
Sweet Annie frae the Sea beech came	128
Sweet Tyrant Love, but hear me now	35
Tell me Floriss if you can	21
Tell me lovely charming Fair	89

	Page
Tell me no more I am deceiv'd	102
Tell me Price of this Creation	40
That Jenny's my Friend	133
The Charms that blooming Beauty shows	37
The Drum is unbrac'd, and the Trumpet	81
The joyous Birds on ev'ry Spray	71
The Man who in his Breast contains	102
The Meads and the Groves	12
There liv'd a young Mouse in Balenocraly	143
There lived a Man in Balenocraly	143
The Sun was sunk beneath the Hill	39
The Winter's fled with all his Train	79
The Women all tell me, I'm false to my Love	65
Tho' Beauty like the Rose	69
Thy fatal Shakes marring move	84
Thyris inconstant apt to rove	156
To Caelia thus fond Damon said	83
To dear Amaryllis, young Stephen had long	81
To fair Fidele's grassy Tomb	66
To Fanny fair I would impart	79
To make the Man kind and agreeable	28
Tom loves Mary passing well	13
To late for Reddels and too soon for my Love	100
To woo me, and win me and kiss and all that	100
Ugh is ev'ry fond Endeavour	100
Unless with my Amanda blest	100
Upon a Summer's Evening clear	100
Wast me some soft and cooling Breeze	100
Wer't thou yet fairer than thou art	100
What Beauties does my Nymphs disclose	100
What have I done ye Powers above	98
What is't to us who guides the State	161
What means that tender Sigh my Dear	42
What Numbers shall the Mule repeat	9
What shall I say to make my Fall	20

of the SONGS.

vii
Page

When beauteous Mira bright and gay	32
When Chloe first young Colin saw	42
When Chloe was by Damon seen	68
When'er I meet my Celia's Eyes	27
When Fairies dance round on the Grails	81
When first I fair Cordelia knew	169
When first lov'd Psyche made her Choice	51
When fond you Damon's Charms recite	99
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go	103
When I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot	116
When lovely Phillis thou art kind	167
When mighty Sol at Noon of Day	97
When Mira arm'd with Frownt her Brow	39
When Mira sings we seek th' enchanting Sound	132
When Morn her Sweets shall first unfold	12
When outward Charms alone inspire	36
When Phæbus the Tops of the Hills	111
When Teucer from his Father fled	121
When the Buds first appear	84
When the Rose is in Bud	86
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I	61
While Misers all Night	141
While others strip the snow fall's Snow	53
Whilst I'm counting wishes on my Soul	160
Who has the Love of Damon's Eyes?	105
Why has not Love kiss'd my Eyes?	31
Why my Daphne why forsaking me	165
Why so pale and wan look I	63
With ev'ry Green young Shepherd's Love	29
With Horns, and with Horns	103
Without Content what's mine	59
Wit and Beauty combine	102
Would you in her you love be blest	85
Would you taste the morning Air	109
Ye fair from Man's insidious Love	219
Ye frolicksome Sparks of the Game	163
Ye gentle Gales that fan the Air	145

	Page
Ye gentle Winds that fan the Sea	13
Ye Gods that round fair Caelia wait	46
Ye Nymphs and Swains that sweetly play	49
Ye Nymphs of the Plain	82
Ye Swains whom radiant Beauty moves	35
Ye Warblers while Strephon I moan	11
Ye Woods and ye Mountains unknown	64
Ye Youths who the Pleasures of loving disdain	108
You feather'd Songsters of the Groves	16
Young Colin was the bonniest Swain	28
Young Dorilas an artless Swain	144
Young Strephon a Shepherd	26
You Friggs who are troubled with	139
You say you love and twenty more	62
You tell me I'm handsome	8
You understand no tender Vows	152





T H E

Vocal MEDLEY, &c.

SONG 1. *You tell me I'm, &c.*

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how
true,

And easy and chatty, and good humour'd too ;
That my Lips are as red as a Rose Bud in June,
And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, sweetly in
tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If Beauty, from Virtue, receives no Supply,
Nor Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I !
My Ease and good Humour, short Raptures will
bring. (Spring :

And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, know but a
For Charms such as these, then your Praises give
o'er,

To love me for Life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not, of a Shame and an Air,
For Chloe the Wanton, can rival me there ;
'Tis Virtue alone makes all Beauty look gay,
And brightens good Humour, like Sun shine the
Day :

For that, if you love me, your Flame shall be true
And I in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG 2. *Nanny of the Hill;*

ASSIST me e'ery tuneful Bard,
Oh lend me all your Skill;
In choicest Lays, that I may praise,
Dear Nanny of the Hill,

Sweet Nanny, &c.

How gay the glitt'ring Beam of Morn,
That gilds the Chrystal Rill,
But far more bright than Morning Light
Shines Nanny of the Hill.

The gayest Flowers so fair of late,
The Ev'ning Damps will kill,
But e'ery Day, more fresh and gay,
Blooms Nanny of the Hill.

Old Time arrests his rapid Flight
And keeps his Motion still,
Resolv'd to spare, a Face so fair,
As Nanny's of the Hill.

To form my Charmer Nature has,
Exerted all her Skill;
Wit, Beauty, Truth, and rosy Youth,
Deck Nanny of the Hill.

And now around the festive Board,
The jovial Bumpers fill;
Each take his Glass, to my dear Lass,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

SONG 3. *Balmy Sweetness, &c.*

BAlmy Sweetness ever flowing,
From her dripping Lip distills;
Flowers on her Cheeks are blowing,
And her Voice with Musick Thrills.
And her Voice, &c.

Zephyrs o'er the Spices flying;
 Wasting Sweets from every Tree;
 Sick'ning Sense with Odours cloying,
 Breath not half so sweet as She.
 Breath not half, &c.

SONG 4. *The Broom.*

HOW blyth was I each Morn to see,
 The Swain come o'er the Hill;
 He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:

I met him with good Will.
 I wanted neither Ewe nor Lamb,
 While his Flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day.
O the Broom the bonny bonny Broom,
Where lost was my Repose,
I wish I was with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
 The Birds stood list'ning by:
 The fleecy Flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody.
 While thus we spent our Time by Turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play:
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be;
 He won my Heart: Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
 That ever yet was born.
O the Broom &c.

SONG 5 *The Miller's Wedding.*

LEAVE Neighbours your Work,
 And to sport and to play,
 Let the Tabor strike up,
 And the Village be gay :
 No Day through the Year,
 Shall more chearful be seen ;
 For Ralph of the Mill,
 Marries Sue of the Green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me ;

Whilst the Wind blows,

And whilst the Mill goes,

Then who'll be so happy so happy as we.

Let Lords and fine Folks,
 Who for Wealth take a Bride,
 Be married to Day,
 And to Morrow be cloy'd ;
 My Body is stout,
 And my Heart it is sound,
 And my Love like my Courage
 Will never give Groand.

I love Sue and Sue loves me, &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion
 The best Jointures wed,
 And prudently take
 The best Biidders to Bed :
 Such Signing and Sealing's
 No Part of our Blifs ;
 We settle our Hearts,
 And we seal with a Kiss.

I love Sue and Sue loves me, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly,
 Nor none of your Beaus,
 Nor bounces nor flatters,
 Nor wears your fine Cloaths :
 In nothing he'll follow
 The Folks of high Life ;

Nor e'er turn his Back
Of his Friend nor his Wife.

I love Sue and Sue loves me, &c.

While thus I am able
To work at my Mill ;
While thus thou art kind,
And thy Tongue but lie still ;
Our Joys shall continue
And ever be new ;
And none be so happy
As Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue and Sue loves me,

Whilst the Wind blows,

And Whilst the Mill goes,

Then who'll be so happy so happy as we.

SONG 6. Johnny and Jenny.

He. **L**ET Rakes for Pleasure range the Town,
Or Misers doat on Golden Guineas ;
Let plenty smile, or Fortune frown,
The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's,
Mine and Jenny's &c.

She. Let wanton Maids indulge Desire,
How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is ;
The Joys of Virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's, &c.

Both. Together let us sport and play,
And live in Pleasure where no Sin is,
The Priest shall tie the Knot to Day
And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's &c.

He. Let roving Swains your Hearts invade,
The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly,
So Willy woo'd and then betray'd,
The poor believing simple Molly, &c.

She. So-Lucy lov'd and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry ;
But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry &c.

Both. But we'll together, &c.

He. By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
And leave Deceit for Knaves and Ninnies ;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every Joy be mine and Jenny's, &c.

She. Let Guilt the faithless Bosom fright,
The constant Heart is always bonny ;
Content and Peace and sweet Delight.
And Love shall live with me and Johnny &c.

Both. Together then we'll &c.

SONG 7. I'll Sing of my, &c,

I'LL sing of my Lover all Night and all Day,
He's ever good natur'd and frolick and gay,
His Voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play,
And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my Eyes, my Lips and my Hair ;
Rose, Violet, nor Lilly with me can compare,
If this be to flatter 'tis pretty I swear.

And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my Feet and with many a Sigh,
He cry'd, O my Dear, will you never comply,
If you mean to destroy me, well do it I'll die,
I trembled all over and answer'd not I.

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat ;
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
His Looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet.

And a bonny, &c.

At Eve when the Sun seeks repose in the West,
 And May's tuneful Choirists all skim to their Nest
 When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love best.
 My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast.

And a bonny, &c.

But see how the Meadows are moister'd with Dew
 Come come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you,
 We'll live for each other both constant and true,
 And taste the soft Raptures no Monarch e'er knew.

And a bonny, &c.

SONG 8. *Not Celia that I, &c.*

NOT Celia that I juster am,
 Or better than the rest,
 For I would change each Hour like them,
 Was not my Heart at rest.
 But I am ty'd to only thee
 By e'ery Thought I have,
 Thy Face I only care to see,
 Thy Heart I only crave.

All that in Woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear Self I find,
 For the whole Sex can but afford,
 The handsome and the kind.
 Why then should I seek farther Store,
 And still make Love anew,
 When Change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.

SONG 9. *What Numbers, &c.*

WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat,
 What Verse be sound to praise my Annie,
 On her ten thousand Graces wait,
 Each Swain admires and owns she's bonny,
 Since first she trod the happy Plain,
 She set each youthful Heart on fire,

Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire;
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain, &c.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new Delight, this charming Annie,
 Like Summers dawn she's fresh and fair.
 When Flora's fragrant Breezes fan ye :
 All day the am'rous Youths convene.
 Joyous they sport and play before her,
 All night when she no more is seen,
 In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Amongst the crowd Amyntor came.
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie,
 His rising Sighs express'd his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many :
 With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd.
 Kind Shepherd why should I deceive ye,
 Alas ! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's Art,
 His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
 He stole away my Virgin Heart,
 Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing :
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many,
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon, his own Annie.

SONG 10. *Daffodill.*

Spring returns the Fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly Dance,
 O'er the Fallow, o'er the Glade,
 Thro' the Sunshine, thro' the Shade,
Whilst I forlorn and pensive still,
Sit sighing for my Daffodill.

See the Swain with watry Shoe,
 Brushes by the Morning Dew,

With officious Love to bear,
 Fresh blown Cowslips to his Fair,
Whilst I &c.

Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead,
 To my Love for Pity plead,
 Go ye Swains and seek the Fair,
 This my last Petition bear ;
Whilst I &c.

Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen,
 Dance at Wake, or trip the Green,
 See a Lovesick sighing Swain,
 Hear my Vows, relieve my Pain,
*Or with your Frowns for pity kill,
 Too charming cruel Daffodill.*

SONG II. *Phillis's Complaint.*

YE warblers, while Strephon I moan,
 To cheer me your Harmony bring.
 Unless since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease like poor Phillis to sing,
 Each Flower declines its sweet Head,
 Nor Odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead,
 Seems kindly to Pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try,
 In vain to restore my past Ease ;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the Power to please.
 Ye Seasons, that brighten the Grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn,
 But Strephon neglects me, and roves.
 He roves and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
 And sweet as all Flowers combin'd :
 His smiles, like the Summer can cheer,
 Ah ! why then like Winter unkind,

Unkind he is not, I can prove.
 But tender, to others, can be :
 To Celia and Chloe makes Love,
 And only is Cruel to me,

SONG 12. *The happy Couple.*

WHEN Morn her Sweets shall first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold,
 On tufted Green O! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund Day,
 Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
 Arise my Fair, arise and prove,
 The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
 The best of Blessings here below.
The best of Blessings here below.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps guide,
 In Concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme,
 E'er Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
 We'll to yon Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure wait us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant sport,
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat.
 There lost in Extacies of Joy,
 While tenderest Scenes our Thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the Hour our Loves begun,
 The happy Moment made us One.

SONG 13. *The Meads, &c.*

THE Meads and the Groves in fresh Verdure
 shone gay,
 And Philomel chanted her love-labour'd Song,
 When the Nymphs and the Swains in their brightest
 Array,
 To chuse a May Lady mov'd sportive along,

Each Youth burnt with Ardour his Nymph to
create,

Each Nymph with soft Glances fast caught her
fond Maie.

And each one impatiently waited her Fate.

How vain were their Wishes, Maria appear'd,

Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with Love :

With Graces attractive each Heart She endear'd,

In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove.

The Swains round her moving glad Homage did
pay,

The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer
delay,

To crown Beauty's Paragon Queen of the May.

SONG 14. *Roger of the Dale.*

YE gentle Winds that fan the Sea,
And wave the fragrant Bow'r :

Bear hence my Sighs and haste to me.

The Swain whom I adore,

In vain fair Flora spreads her Charms,

O'er ev'ry Hill and Vale,

While absent from my longing Arms,

Is Roger of the Dale.

Let wanton Nymphs and Swains employ,

In sensual Love their Days,

While I my darling Youth enjoy,

In Virtue's smiling Rays.

Take all the false Delights of Courts,

Each glittering Beau and Belle ;

Give me with harmless rural Sports,

My Roger of the Dale.

SONG 15. *Tom loves Mary, &c.*

TOM Loves Mary passing well,

But Mary she Loves Harry,

Whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell,

And finds his Love miscarry :

For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 Tho' Mary flights his Passion,
 So strangely freakish are the Turns,
 Of human Inclination.

Moll gave Hall a wreath of Flow'rs,
 Which he in am'rous Folly,
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few Hours,
 It came again to Molly.
 Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo.
 No Turtles can be truer,
 Each Loves the Object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hall despises Mary,
 And all the flouts which Bell receives,
 From Tom, she vents on Harry :
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer,
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers hence this Lesson learn,
 Throughout the British Nation,
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern,
 To smile a Reformation,
 And still thro' Life this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike ye,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like ye.

SONG 16. *Jockey and Jenny.*

JENNY.

STERN Winter has left us, the Trees are in
 bloom,
 And Cowslips and Vi'lets the Meadows perfume,
 While Kids are disporting, and Birds fill the Spray,
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

JOCKEY.

Among the young Lillies, my Jenny. I've flay'd,
 Pinks, Daisies, and Woodbine I bring to my Maid;
 Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender gay.
 A Posy to form, for my Queen of the May.

A Posy to form, &c.

JENNY.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile.
 When seated with Molly last Night on a Stile,
 You swore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
 Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

JOCKEY.

Young Willy is handsome, in Shepherd's Green
 drest, Breast,
 He gave you those Ribbands that hang at your
 Besides three sweet Kisses upon the new Hay,
 Was that done like Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Was that done like Jenny, &c.

JENNY.

This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
 Since Jockey, false hearted, his Passion denies,
 Ye Flowers, so blooming, this Instant decay.
 For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

For Jenny's no longer, &c.

JOCKEY.

Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong.
 Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song.
 From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning of Day,
 I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

I sing but of Jenny, &c.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with Transport I view,
 My Fears are all vanish'd since Jockey is true,

Then to our blyth Shepherds this News I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the
May.

That Jenny alone, &c.

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry Degree ye young Lovers draw near,
Avoid all Suspicion whate'er may appear,
Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd betray,
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May,
Then come my dear Jenny, &c.

SONG 17. *Say Myra, &c.*

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A Stranger to that Mind,
That Pity and Esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind.
Is it because you fear to know
The Ills which Love molest,
The tender Care, the anxious Fear,
Which racks the am'rous Breast.
Alas! by some Degree of Woe,
We ev'ry Bliss obtain,
The Heart can ne'er a Transport know,
Which never felt a Pain.

SONG 18. *The complaining Lover.*

YOU feather'd Songsters of the Groves,
Now seem to warble forth your Loves,
And sympathize with me;
For charming Anna is unkind,
And I have left a Heart behind,
Which until now was free.
Which until now was free.

Assist me now, my Muse, in this,
And let my Fancy steal a Kiss
From her most charming Hand;

For it's a Fault to go before,
 Or to approach the very Door
 Where Anna does command.
Where Anna does command.

O that some Sage would prophesy,
 And let me know my Destiny,
 Or where a happy Fate
 Does still upon my Soul attend,
 That Anna now may be my Friend,
 Before it be too late.
Before it be too late.

SONG 19. *Sick of the Town, &c.*

SICK of the Town, at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat,
 Adieu, says I, vain World, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great.
Fools only study to be great.

The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The Russet Gown and mossy Floor,
 All these I had, 'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.
But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy World again,
 I hurry'd soon in hopes to find,
 Ease from imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart and Peace of Mind.
Quiet of Heart and Peace of Mind.

Gay Scenes and Grandeur ev'ry Hour
 My Eyes with Admiration fill,
 The World seem'd all within my Pow'r,
 And yet I wanted something still.
And yet I wanted something still.

Cities and Groves at once were try'd,
 'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale :

Celia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to Damon of the Vale.
A Bride to Damon of the Vale.

Earth smil'd, at once the Gloom was clear'd,
 Damon was kind, I can't tell how,
 In every Place new Joy appear'd,
 And Celia wanted nothing now.
And Celia wanted nothing now.

SONG 20. *Chaucer's Recantation.*

OLD Chaucer once to this re-echoing Grove,
 Sung, *Of the sweet bewitching Tricks of Love,*
 But soon he found he'd sulli'd his Renown.
 And arm'd each charming Hearer with a Frown:
 Then self condemn'd, anew his Lyre he strung,
 And in repentant Strains, this Recantation sung.

Long since unto her native Sky,
 Fled Heav'n descended Constancy,
 Nought now that's stable's to be had,
 The World's grown mutable and Mad,
 Save Women, they we must confess,
 Are Miracles of Steadfastness;
 And every witty, pretty, witty pretty Dame,
 Bears for her Motto, still the same.

The Flow'rs that in the Vale are seen,
 The white, the yellow, blue and green,
 In brief Complexion idly gay,
 Still set with ev'ry setting Day,
 Dispers'd by Wind, or chill'd by Frost,
 Their Odour's gone their Colours lost,
 But what's most true, tho' passing strange,
 The Women never fade or change.

The wise Man said that all was vain,
 And Follies universal Reign,
 Its Vor'ries Wisdom oft enthrals
 Riches torment, and Pleasure palls,

And 'tis alas ! a gen'ral Rule,
That each Man soon or late's a Fool :
In Women 'tis th' Exception lies
For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

This earthly Ball with Noise abounds,
And from its Emptiness, it sounds,
Fame's deaf'ning Din, the Hum of Men,
The Lawyer's Plea, and Poet's Pen :
But Women here no one suspects,
'Twere hard t'include that silent Sex :
For poor Dumb Things so meek's their Mold ;
You scarce can hear them when they scold.

A hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
A hundred Pair of Iron Lungs,
Five Heralds and five Thousand Criers,
With Voice whose Accent never tires,
Ten speaking Trumpets of a Size
Wou'd Deafness with their Din Surprise,
Your Praise dear Nymphs shall sing and say,
And those that will believe it may.

SONG 21. *Without Content, &c.*

Without Content what's Man,
Or Life by Man possess'd !
What Mult' of Riches can,
Appease the human Breast !
Why then with that mean Taint,
Should Man his Soul destroy
Rather than with Content,
The Sweets of Health enjoy.

Than Plenty with Content
What more would Man desire !
Why (be his Life well spent)
Still to more Wealth aspire :
How low avail's the Pomp
Of Titles, Pow'r or Place,
Where beam's the lasting Stamp,
Of an unblemish'd Grace.

Tho' poor in Purſe, yet know,
 The richeſt Gifts you'll find,
 Are in the Breſts which glow,
 With a true Virtuous Mind,
 Then happy I, who dare,
 Tho' Poverty's my Fate,
 Content, expect to ſhare
 In Heav'n a happier State.

SONG 22. *The incredulous Maid.*

WHAT ſhall I ſay to make my Fair,
 Believe my Love and Oaths ſincere,
 I've call'd to Witneſs all above,
 My Faith, my Truth, my conſtant Love.
 Yet ſtill ſhe ſays ſhe never can,
 Believe the Vows of faithleſs Man,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſays ſhe never can, &c.

She hears unmov'd my ardent Sighs,
 And reads untouch'd my ſpeaking Eyes;
 Has ſeen how ev'ry Action ſtrove,
 To teſtify eternal Love:
Yet ſtill ſhe ſays &c.

Ah! Celia try how much I dare,
 To prove my Paſſion is ſincere:
 And when I next before you ſue,
 I'll ſwear by Truth, by Love and You,
 My conſtant Faith: then, if you can,
 Kill with Diſdain a faithful Man.
My Conſtant Faith, &c.

SONG 23. *Advice to Cupid.*

HOW can they taſte of Joys or Grief,
 Who Beauty's Pow' did never prove,
 Love's all our Torments, our Relief,
 Our Fate depends alone on Love, &c.
 Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
 Nezra's Smiles would eaſe that State:

Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r could bless my Mind,
Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,

The fragrant Myrtle does surpass :

No Flow'r so gay that does not yield,

To blooming Roses gaudy Dress.

No Star so bright that can be seen,

When Phœbus Glories gild the Skies ;

No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,

But yields to fair Næra's Eyes.

The am'rous Swains no Off'rings bring,

To Cupid's Altar as before :

To her they play, to her they sing.

And own in Love no other Pow'r.

Cupid thine Empire to regain,

Upon this Conqu'rer try thy Dart ;

Oh ! touch with Pity for my Pain,

Næra's cold disdainfull Heart.

SONG 24. *Tell me Florist, &c.*

TELL me *Florist*, if you can,

In what Bower,

Springs the Flower ?

In bright Array,

Sweet and Gay,

Pride of May,

Sweet and Gay as Mrs *Ann*.

Tell me Painter, if you can,

Where's display'd,

Light and Shade ?

Like Nature's Freaks,

In soft Streaks,

On the Cheeks,

Of the Lovely Mrs *Ann*.

Tell me Poet, if you can,

In your Dreams,

By clear Streams,

Have you hit,
 Subject fit,
 For your Wit?
 Fit and fine as Mrs Ann
 Tell me Conjurer, sure you can,
 In all Hell,
 Is there Spell?
 Or can black Art,
 Charm impart,
 T'enchant the Heart?
 Like bewitching Mrs Ann.
 Tell me tell me, He who can,
 In all Nature,
 Where's the Creature?
 Half so Neat,
 Half so Feat,
 Half so Sweet,
 As is neat, feat, sweet Mrs Ann.

SONG 25. *The Happy Swain.*

AS Damon in a Summers day,
 Beneath a Shade began his Lay,
 The Waters murm'ring pass'd along,
 Well pleas'd to hear their Damon's Song,
 His Theme was Love, for Delia's Charms
 Had won the Shepherd to her Arms, *Had won, &c.*
 How blest am I, who only know,
 The Joys of Love that ever flow?
 Dear Scenes of Pleasure now appear,
 And Love alone is Damon's Care:
 Hear then ye warbling Birds and Groves,
 That Delia's kind, and Damon Loves,
 Delia' as Morn, is true and Fair,
 Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:
 Our Hearts, in mutual Bliss, shall Live.
 (No more can bounteous Nature give :)
 And every Tree our Passion tell,
 That Shepherds liv'd, and lov'd so well.

SONG 26. *Sweet William.*

BY a pratt'ling Stream, on a Midsummer's Eve,
Where Woodbines and Jels'mine their Boughs
interweave,

Fair Flora I cry'd, to my Arbour repair,
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet William's
Hair.

She brought me the V'let that grows on the Hill,
The vale dwelling Lilly and gilded Jonquil,
But, such languid Odours, how could I approve ;
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love.

She brought me, his Faith and his Truth to display,
The undying Myrtle, and ever-green Bay ;
But why these to me, who've his Constancy known,
And Billy has Lawrels enough of his own.

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a
Stem ;

Of the dear nuptial Tye, they stood Emblems con-
fess,

So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to
my Breast.

She brought me a Sun-flow'r, This Fair one's your
due,

For it once was a Maiden, and Love sick, like
you,

O give it to me quick, to my Shepherd I'll run,
As true to his Flame as this Flow'rs to her Sun.

SONG 27. *Haste Phillis Haste.*

HASTE, Haste, Phillis haste tis the first of th^e
May,

Hark the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood let's
away,

We'll pluck the pale Primrose, and start not my
Dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

She Excuse me fond Swain, it has often been said,
 The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread,
 And a wither'd old Gipsy one Day I espied,
 Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said something
 beside.

He 'Tis all a meer Fable, there's nothing to fright,
 There's Music all Day, and no Spectres at Night;
 No Creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
 And Cupid's an Urchin you surely can't fear,

She. For all you cou'd say, when arriv'd at the Wood
 Who knows your Designs? you might dare to be
 rude,

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Least Cupid and you be too hard for a Maid,

He. His Dictates you wisely at once should ap-
 prove,

For pray what is Life? 'tis a Pain without Love,
 Think how Youth like the Rose tho' ungather'd
 will fade,

Then quickly comply lest you die an old Maid.

She. By Language as artful, poor Daphne was won,
 Thus courted, she yielded; was trick'd and undone,
 And rather than trust the fine Things you have said,
 Let my Beauty decay and I die an old Maid,

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind,
 I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond and as kind,
 Will lead you to Pleasures untasted before,
 And make you my Bride, can a Mortal do more?

She. Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no,
 Tomorrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go;
 To the Wood next, tho' Cupid so talk'd of be there,
 With Joy I'll away and adieu to all Fear.

She. Ye Nymphs to the Wood never venture to go
 Till the Priest joins your Hand, you must answer
 No No.

He. Ye Swaies should your Fair ones prove deaf to
you still,
You must wear the soft Chain, then they'll go where
you will.

SONG 28. *How sweet are &c.*

HOW sweet are the Flowers how lovely the
Spring,

How gaudy the Pride of the Grove,
How wanton in Air are the Birds, how they sing.
And Chirrup and Chirrup soft Measures of Love
Yet not of themselves the gay Beauties can please,
We only can taste when the Heart is at ease.

The Flowers would wither the Spring have an End
The Pride of the Grove wou'd decay ;
The Air wou'd be noxious, the Birds but offend,
If my Parent my King were away.
For not of themselves the vain Pageants can please,
We only can taste, when the Heart is at ease.

SONG 29 *Nan of the Vale.*

IN a small pleasant Village by Nature compleat,
Of a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat,
There liv'd a young Lass of so lovely a Mien
That seldom at Balls or at Courts can be seen.
The sweet damask Rose was full blown on her
Cheek.

The Lilly display'd all it's white on her Neck,
The Lads of the Village all strove to prevail,
And call'd her in Raptures *sweet Nan of the Vale.*

First young Hodge spoke his Passion till quite
out of Breath,
Crying wounds he could hug her and kiss her to
Death.

And Dick with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loathed his Food and abandon'd his Rest,
But she could find nothing with them to endear,
So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear,

And said no such Boobies cou'd tell a Love Tale,
Or bring to Complia^{ce}: *sweet Nan of the Vale.*

Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay
Green,
Who lately to London on a Frolick had been,
Came home much improv'd in his Air and Address
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success,
He said, Heav'n form'd such ripe Lips to be kist,
And prest her so closely she could not resist,
And shew'd the dull Swains the right Way to
prevail
And brought to his Wishes *sweet Nan of the Vale.*

SONG 30. *Young Stephon, &c.*

Young *Strephon* a Shepherd the Pride of the
Plain,

Each Day is attempting my Kindness to gain :
He takes all Occasions his Flame to renew,
I always reply that his Courting wont do.

He spares no rich Presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my Praise, all the Wit of his Mind,
I say, I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go,
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To *Thyrsis*, last Valentine Day, the dear Youth,
I tell him I plighted my Faith and my Truth,
That Wealth cannot Peace, and Contentment bestow
And my Heart is anothers, so beg he will go.

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,
And the Heart that is honest, can never be sold,
That I sigh not for Grandeur, but look down or
Show,

And to *Thyrsis* must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and trembling all over replies,
If his Suit I prefer not, he instantly dies,
He gives me his Hand, and wou'd force me to go,
I pity his Suff'ring, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him in Hopes of sweet Peace,
 He haunts me each Moment to make me say Yes :
 But to-Morrow, ye Fair ones, with Thyrsis I go.
 And trust me, at Church, that I will not say No.

SONG 31. *Mutual Love.*

WHEN e'er I meet my Cælia's Eyes,
 Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
 My Feet forget to move,
 She too declines her lovely Head,
 Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss,
 When e'er I steal a tender Kiss,
 Beneath the silent Grove :
 She strives to frown, and puts me by,
 Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

And once, O once, the dearest Maid,
 As on her Breast my Head was laid,
 Some secret Impulse drove ;
 Me, me, her gentle Arms caress'd,
 And to her Bosom closely press'd,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

And now, transported with her Charms,
 A soft Desire my Bosom warms,
 Forbidden Joys to prove :
 Trembling for Fear she should comply,
 She from my Arms prepares to fly,
 Though warm'd with mutual Love !

O stay, I cry'd, let Hymen's Bands,
 This Moment tie our willing Hands,
 And all thy Fears remove,
 A modest Blush, Consent express'd,
 And now we live supremely blest'd,
 A Life of mutual Love !

SONG 32. *Young Colin, &c.*

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest Swain,
That ever pip'd on flow'ry Plain,
Or danc'd upon the Lee :

The wanton Kid in gamesome Bound,
That frolicks o'er the turfy Ground,
Was not so blyth as He.

Beneath the Oak, in yonder Dale,
You'd think you heard the Nightingale.

When e'er he rais'd his Voice :
But ah ! the Youth was all Deceit,
His Vows, his Oaths, were all a Cheat,
And Choice succeeded Choice,

The Maidens sung in Willow Groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd Loves,

Here Jenny told her Woes :
And Moggy's Tears increas'd the Brook,
Whose Cheeks, like dying Lillies look.

That once out, blush'd the Rose,
Unhappy Fair ! my Words believe,
So shall no Swain your Hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair :
E'er he disclose his fickle Mind,
Change first yourselves, for ah ! you'll find,
False Colins ev'ry where.

SONG 33. *To make the Man, &c.*

TO make the Man kind, and keep true to the
Bed,

Whom your Choice, or your Destiny brings you to
wed :

Take a Hint from a Friend, whom Experience has
taught,

And Experience you know, never fails when 'tis
bought.

The Arts which you practic'd at first to esnate,
(For in Love, little Arts, as in Battle, are fair,)

Whether Neatness, or Prudence, or Wit, were the
Bait,
Let the Hook still be cover'd, and still play the
Cheat.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his Flame,
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim :
'Tis more to recover, than conquer an Heart,
For this is all Nature, but that is all Art.

Good Sense is to them, what a Face is to You,
Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their
Due :

Doubt the Strength of your Judgment, compar'd
with his own,

And he'll give you Perfections, at present unknown.

Tho' you learn that your Rival, his Bounty par-
takes,

And your merited Favour, ungrateful, forsakes :
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging, and free,
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind while you see.

SONG 34. *The Wit and Beau.*

WITH ev'ry Grace young Strephon chose,
His Person to adorn :

That by the Beauties of his Face,
In Silvia's Love he might find Place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles, he did his Part,

But Oh ! 'twas all in vain,

A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,

And would not out again.

With Change of Habits, Strephon press'd,

And urg'd her to admire :

His Love alone the other dress'd,

As Verse or Prose became it best,

And mov'd her soft Desire.

This sound, his Courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his Glafs ;
 There in himself now seeks Amends,
 Convinc'd that where a Wit pretends,
 A Beau is but an Ass.

SONG 35. *When outward, &c.*

WHEN outward Charms alone inspire,
 Then doubt the Flame sincere,
 For such will like a falling Star,
 Look bright and disappear,
 But when fair Virtues solid Charms,
 Their genial Rays impart,
 A friendly Heat the Bosom warms,
 And fixes in the Heart.

Thas true Respect to Merit due,
 Confirm'd me first your Friend,
 Love next ensu'd (Love 's Friendship too,
 But Friendship more refin'd)
 And Love that's by such Merit won,
 No Time can e'er impair,
 'Twill like the growing Summer's Sun,
 Each Day more bright appear.

Then Indamora let my Sighs,
 Thy Brest to Part move,
 No more my artless Flame despise,
 But form thy Heart to Love,
 In mutual Love our Souls let's join,
 And let our Fates be one,
 Save, that my every Joy be thine,
 Thy Cares be mine alone.

SONG 36. *Since Jenny, &c.*

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her Hearts. Love to
 deny,
 And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not By :
 I'll own without blushing, were all the World by,
That Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.

He brought me a Wreath, which his Hands did
compose,

Where the Dale-loving Lilly was turn'd with the
Rose.

Young Myrtle in Sprigs, did the Border inclose,
And Willy's the Lad for me.

By Myrtle, said He, is my Passion express'd,
The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermillion is drest,
And the Lilly, for Whiteness, wou'd vie with your
Breast,

And Willy's the Lad for me.

These Ribbands of mine were his Gift at the Fair,
My Mother look'd cross, and cry'd Fanny beware.
But d'ye think I regard her? not I, I declare,

And Willy's the Lad for me.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I saw my young Shepherd, O how sweet was his look!
He ask'd for one Kiss, but a Hundred he took.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

I said, he was rude, with affected Disdain,
(For early in Life we're instructed to feign,)
He made me no Answer—but kiss'd me again.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

Then what can I do, instruct me ye Maids,
When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades,

And Willy's the Lad for me.

SONG 37. *Why has not Love, &c.*

WHY has not Love Reflection's Eyes?
Why but from Sorrow must we know,
That Folly is the Seed of Vice,

And Vice the Nursery of Woe?

Ah Chloe when thy Charms invite,

A Folly in Enjoyment lies,

And Wisdom bids us shun Delight.

Wisdom is weak and Folly wise.

Fair Virtue looses all her Charms,
 If from thy Bosom she deters,
 And Vice inviting to thy Arms,
 In Virtue's heav'nly Form appears,
 Destruction tempting in thy Eyes,
 So lovely a Disguise puts on ;
 We see where our undoing lies,
 Yet cry, 'tis Heav'n to be undone.

SONG 38. *The Generous Maid,*

WHEN beauteous Mira, bright and gay,
 Just rip'ning in her Prime,
 In am'rous Sports began to play ;
 Thinking it then the time,
 A youthfull Boy of comely Mien,
 Who long perceiv'd her Care,
 With Kisses strove to move her Spleen,
 That he her Breast might share.

The Maid at first his Suit deny'd
 But soon with Raptures fir'd,
 Her easy yielding Heart comply'd,
 To what the Youth desir'd,
 With one Consent they both enjoin'd.
 To seal the nuptial Bond,
 The Maid to him prov'd always kind,
 As he to her prov'd fond.

SONG 39. *The Charms of Beauty.*

THE Charms that blooming Beauty shows,
 From Faces heav'nly fair.
 We, to the Lilly and the Rose,
 With Semblance apt, compare.
 With Samblance apt, for ah ! how soon,
 How soon they all decay,
 The Lilly droops, the Rose is gone,
 And Beauty fades away.
 But when bright Virtue shines confess'd,
 With sweet Discretion join'd,

When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast,
And Wisdom guides the Mind.

When Charms like these, dear Maid, conspire,
Thy Person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste Desire.
And everlasting Love.

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate.
These Graces shall endure,
Still like the Passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

SONG 40. *Damon to Calia.*

TO Calia thus fond Damon said,
See here a mossy Carpet laid ;
And then her Hand he press'd ;
And then her Hand he press'd :

Free from the World's enquiring Eye,
Here lurks, my Fair, no busy Spy, *(rest.*
He look'd, he look'd, he look'd and sigh'd the

She started with a feign'd Surprise,
While Pleasure sparkled in her Eyes,
Sure Damon does not mean,
Sure Damon &c.

The Shepherd stop'd her with a Kiss,
And clasp'd her panting Breast to his,
My Dear we are not seen.

Then by a thousand Kisses more,
A thousand tender Oaths he swore :
His Love should never end,

His Love, &c.
She call'd on all the Pow'rs above,
None heard her but the God of Love,
And he was Damon's Friend.

And is there then no Help she said,
By Damon to be thus betray'd,
Then hung her Head and blush'd,
Then hung &c.

Oh Damon, Damon yet be good,
The Shepherd smil'd, and said he wou'd,
She sigh'd, and all was hush'd.

SONG 41. *As Chloe, &c.*

AS Chloe came into the Room t'other Day,
I peevish began, where so long cou'd you stay,
In your Life time you never regarded your Hour,
You promis'd at two, and pray look Child 'tis
four,

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Bangles and
Seals

A Temper so heedless, no Mortal can bear,
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord bless me, said she, let a Body but speak,
Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck
It has hurt me and vex'd me to such a Degree,

See here, for you never believe me, pray see :
On the left side my Breast, what a Mark it has made
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd ;
That Scene of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

SONG 42. *Thy fatal Shafts, &c.*

THY fatal Shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine Altar, Love,
I feel thy soft resistless Flame,

Glide swift thro' all my vital Frame :
For while I gaze my Bosom glows,

My Blood, in Tides, impetuous flows,
Hope, Fear and Joy alternate roll,
And Floods of Transports overwhelm my Soul :

My falt'ring Tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing Murmurs to complain :
My Tongue some secret Magick ties,
My Murmurs sink in broken Sighs !

Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care,
 And ever drop the silent Tear ;
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die.

SONG 43. *Beauty and Musick.*

YE Swains whom radiant Beauty moves,
 Or Musick's Arts with Sounds divine :
 Think how the rapt'rous Charm improves,
 Where two such Gifts celestial join.
 Where Cupid's Bow and Phebus's Lyre,
 In the same pow'rful Hand are found,
 Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
 While trembling Notes are taught to wound.
 Enquire not who's the matchless Fair,
 That can this double Death bestow,
 If young Harmonia's Strains you hear,
 Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know.

SONG 44. *The Invitation.*

COME dear Amanda quit the Town,
 And to the rural Hamlets fly,
 Behold the wintry Storms are gone,
 A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.
 Come let us mark the gradual Spring,
 How peeps the Bud, the Blossom blows,
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May, to swell the Rose.
 Let us secure the short Delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming Day.
 For soon, too soon, it will be Night,
 Arise my Love and come away.

SONG 45. *The Bashful Lover.*

SWEET 'Twant Love, but hear me now,
 And cure, while young, the pleasing Smart.
 Or rather aid my trembling Vow,
 And teach me to reveal my Heart,

Tell her whose Goodness is my Bane,
 Whose Looks have smil'd my Peace away,
 Ah! whisper how she gives me Pain,
 While undesigning frank and gay.

'Tis not for common Charms I sigh,
 Nor what the Vulgar, Beauty call :
 'Tis not a Lip, a Cheek, an Eye,
 But 'tis the Soul that lights them all.

For that I drop this tender Tear,
 For that I breath this artless Moan,
 Oh! whisper Love into her Ear,
 And make the bashful Lover known.

SONG 46. *The Adieu.*

A DIEU the Streams that smoothly flow,
 Ye vernal Airs that softly blow,
 Ye Plains, by blooming Spring array'd,
 Ye Birds that warble thro' the Glade,
 Unhurt from you my Soul could fly.
 Nor drop one Tear, nor heave one Sigh,
 But forc'd from Celia's Smiles to part,
 All Joy deserts my drooping Heart.

O fairer than the rosy Morn,
 When Flow'rs the dewy Fields adorn,
 Unfully'd as the genial Ray :
 That warms the gentle Breeze of May ;
 Thy Charms divinely sweet appear,
 And add new Splendour to the Year ;
 Improve the Day with fresh Delight,
 And gild with Joy the dreary Night.

SONG 47. *Chloe you shun, &c.*

C HLOE you shun my fond Embrace,
 And idly fly from Place to Place,
 Of Shadows still afraid,
 Of Shadows still afraid,

Like some young Fawn that trembling strays,
 And o'er the Mountain's lonely Ways,
 Explores its Mother's Aid,
 Explores its Mother's Aid,
 Like some young Fawn, &c.
 If only at the vernal Breeze,
 Or Lizard's gliding thro' the Trees,
 A single Leaf but shakes,
 A single Leaf but shakes,
 Chill'd to the Heart with sudden Fear,
 Of Danger, when no Harm is near,
 The Creature pants and quakes,
 The Creature pants and quakes.
 Chill'd to the Heart &c.
 But I, to Love's soft Passion true,
 With no fell Tyger's Rage pursue,
 My Chloe's blooming Charms,
 My Chloe's blooming Charms:
 Then dearest Girl, grown ripe for Joy,
 Cast off the Child, no longer coy,
 And bless my longing Arms,
 And bless my longing Arms,
 Then dearest &c.

SONG 48. *Love and Innocence.*

I met in our Village a Swain t'other Day.
 He stop'd me, and begg'd me a Moment to stay,
 Then blush'd, and in Language I ne'er heard before,
 He talk'd much of Love, &c. &c.
 And some Pains that he bore.
 But what was his Meaning, I know not I vow,
 Yet, alas! my poor Heart, alas! my poor Heart
 feels I cannot tell how, I cannot tell how.
 Each Morning, the Jessamine, Violet and Rose,
 He brings me, with ev'ry sweet Flower that grows,
 The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear, to wear, to wear the fine
 Things in my Breast, the fine Things &c.
 But what is his Meaning &c.

At my Feet the young Shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me,
 He gazes with Transport, and kisses me too.
 And swears that he'll ever, and swears he'll ever be
 constant and true, he'll be constant &c.
 But what is his Meaning &c.

When I see the big Tears streaming quick from his
 Eyes,
 And kissing my Hand he vents thousand sad Sighs,
 He tells me no Nymph is so charming as me,
 No Shepherd alive, no Shepherd alive so unhappy
 as he, so unhappy as he.
 But what is his Meaning &c.

Alas ! why to me does the Shepherd complain,
 And say my bright Eyes are the Cause of his Pain :
 Indeed, were I sure, for his Fate I deplore.
 That he suffer'd for me, for me, for me, he should
 suffer no more, he should suffer &c.
 I'd do all I cou'd to relieve him I vow.
 And my Heart might have Ease, my Heart
 might have Ease, Tho' I cannot tell how, &c.

SONG 49. *The distress'd Maid*

OF all my Experience, how vast the Amount,
 Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count,
 Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd.

To live to these Years and yet still be a Maid.

Ye Heroes triumphant, by Land and by Sea,
 Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me,
 Of Prowess approv'd, of no Danger afraid,
 Will ye stand by like Dastards, and see me a
 Maid.

Ye Councillors sage, who with eloquent Tongue,
 Can do what your please, both with Right and
 with Wrong :

Can it be by Law or by Equity said
 That a comely young Girl ought to dye an old
 Maid.

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill,
Can save, or demolish, can heal or can kill.
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
Who is sick, very sick of remaining a Maid.

Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song,
Who answer no End, and to no Sex belong,
Ye Echoes of Echo, and Shadows of Shade :
For if I had You — I might still be a Maid,

SONG 50. *Mira.*

WHEN Mira arm'd with Frowns her Brow,
In Spite of Love, in Reason's Spite,
Pride steel'd my Heart and scorn'd to bow,
But now her Smiles unman me quite,
Give me again those cloudy Skies,
That screen'd me from the piercing Ray,
Veil, Mira, those bewitching Eyes
That steal my Soul and Sense away.

SONG 51. *The despairing Shepherd.*

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
The western Clouds were fring'd with Gold,
The Sky was clear, the Wind was still,
The Flocks were penn'd within the Fold,
When from the Silence of the Grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of Love,

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose,
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach.
Who from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape and blushing Peach,
With equal Faith may hope to find,
The Truth of Love in Woman-kind,

I have no Flocks nor fleecy Care,
No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
No Pastures green nor Gardens fair,
A Maiden's venal Heart to gain :
Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
For I alas ! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold :
 They ask not Vows of sacred Truth,
 When e'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold,
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
 But I alas ! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of India's Coast,
 What Wealth what Riches can suffice ?
 Yet all their Shine can never boast,
 The living Lustre of her Eyes ;
 For these the World too cheap wou'd prove,
 But I alas ! have nought but Love.

Oh ! Sylvia since nor Gems, nor Ore,
 Can with thy brighter Charms compare,
 Consider that I offer more,
 More seldom found a Heart sincere,
 Let Riches meaner Beauties move,
 Who pays thy Worth must pay in Love,

Let Riches meaner Beauties move,

Who pays thy Worth must pay in Love, &c.

SONG 52. *Address to Cælia.*

TELL me, Pride of this Creation,
 Are thy Passions all at rest ;

Feel'st thou no fond Palpitation,

Like the panting in my Breast,

Too tender far to be express'd.

Tell me Cælia, tell my Fate,

Dost thou love, or dost thou hate ?

Sweetly smile with Approbation,

Least, thou kill with the Relation,

See me sighing,

See me dying.

To enjoy thy matchless Charms :

O take me, take me to thy Arms.

Kindly, Cælia, leave Evasion,

Why, that Blush, those down cast Eyes,

Yield thee, Love, to soft Persuasion,

On thy Breast alone it lies,

To save the Wretch who fondly dyes.

Heav'n what rapt'rous Scenes appear,
 See the undissemb'l'd Tear !
 Each dear Nerve with Tremor thrilling,
 And her Eyes, how softly killing.

Sweet Confession,

Past Expression,

Gratefull may I live to prove,
 How much I doat, how much I love.

SONG 53. *The Indifferent:*

FALSE Chloe farewell, thus I break from my
 Chain,

At length Freedom comes, often dream't of in vain :
 The Flame is burnt out, and each Passion at Rest.

Under which Love disguis'd still might lurk in my
 Breast.

With Joy to the Croud of my Rivals I leave,
 All the Transports such Truth, and such Beauty can
 give.

No more when thou'rt nam'd the warm Blossom
 arise,

No more leaps my Heart when I meet with your
 In my Sleep now no longer thy Image I see.

Nor the first of my Thoughts when I wake is of thee
 Of thy Absence, when from thee, no more I com-
 plain,

When with thee, I feel neither Pleasure nor Pain.

The Seasons no longer now borrow their Die,
 From the Gloom or the Lustre of Chloe's bright Eye,
 'Tis Frost in December, 'tis Sunshine in May,
 Though Chloe is present, or Chloe's away, (Scene.)
 If she smiles, or she frowns, still unchang'd is the
 Still the Rose breathes Perfume, and the Myrtle
 looks green,

When first the fix'd Arrow I pluck'd from my
 Heart,

O ! methought I should die, so severe was the Smart

But now when we meet, no fierce Passion alarms,
 I hum o'er a Sonnet, and laugh at your Charms :
 Thus the Linnet enſnar'd, ſtrains his Pinions and
 Wings,
 And releas'd from the Lime-twig, he ſoars and he
 ſings.

The Joys that I've loſt in a Miſtreſs, I find
 In a Bottle that's bright, and a Friend that is kind,
 With theſe, like a Soldier return'd from the Wars,
 I fight o'er my old Battles, and boaſt of my Scars :
 For Dangers when paſt, with Delight we repeat,
 What in ſuffering was Pain, to Remembrance is
 ſweet.

SONG 54. *Excuse for a Love Slip.*

WHAT means that tender Sigh my Dear,
 Why ſilent drops that chryſtal Tear,
 What jealous Fears diſturb thy-Breaſt.
 Where Love and Peace delight to reſt ?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been ſeen,
 With Molly ſporting on the Green,
 'Twas but an artful Trick to prove.
 The matchleſs Force of Jenny's Love.

'Tis true, a Noſegay I addreſs'd,
 To grace the witty Daphne's Breaſt,
 But 'twas at her Deſire to try,
 If Damon caſt a jealous Eye :
 Thoſe Flow'rs, will fade by Morning Dawn,
 Neglected, ſcatter'd o'er the Lawn :
 But in thy fragrant Boſom lyes
 A ſweet Perfume, that never dyes,

SONG 55. *She won'd not and She
 won'd.*

WHEN Chloe firſt young Colin ſaw,
 Approach with modeſt diſtant Awe,
 In Habit neat and plain,
 The ſimple Maid, too fond of Beaux,

Of idle Pomp, and glitt'ring Shows,
 Despis'd the honest Swain.
 Wrapt up in Pleasures of the Town,
 She look'd on Colin as a Clown,
 And still the Burden of her Song,
 Was——Court me not I'm yet too Young, &c.

But he, well vers'd in female Art,
 Soon div'd into the fair one's Heart,
 Thro' all her little Pride.

And is it thus you disapprove,
 My faithful Flame, my ardent Love,
 The gen'rous Youth reply'd.

Can tinsel Charms your Heart trepan,
 A Fop's the Shadow of a Man.
 Yet still the Burden of her Song,
 Was——Court &c.

My Dear, said he, as you are fair,
 Be wise and shun the gilded Snare,

Of Fopp'ry and Grimace :

Where Health and Honesty of Soul,
 Diffuse their Vigour thro' the whole,

How vain are Gems and Lace,

These Words alarm'd the curious Maids,

Who straight the blooming Youth survey'd,

Then faintly with a falt'ring Tongue,

Cry'd —— Court &c.

With manly Pride adown his Neck,

His raven Locks their Ringlets break,

Health glitter'd in his Eyes,

While Youth and Vigour both conspire,

To kindle Love, enflame Desire,

And bid soft Wishes rise.

The Nymph receiv'd an ardent Kiss,

As Earnest of her future Bliss,

Then chang'd the Burden of her Song,

To——Court me now——I'm not too young.

SONG 56. *My dear Mistress, &c.*

MY dear Mistress had a Heart,
 Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
 When with Love's resistless Dart,
 And her Eyes she did enslave me :
 But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous Heart wou'd break,
 Should we live one Day asunder,
 Melting Joys around her move,
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Blissess,
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses,
 Angels listen when she speaks.
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder,
 But my jealous Heart wou'd break, &c.

SONG 57. *Blyth Jockey.*

BLYTH Jockey, young and gay,
 Is ail my Heart's Delight,
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.
And all my Dreams by Night.
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter then with me,
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and Jockey met,
 First on the flow'ry Dale,
 Right sweetly he did me treat,
 And Love was all his Tale.

And Love was all his Tale.

You are the Lass, said he,
 That stole my Heart from me,
 And look'd so sweetly kind,
 That I my Heart resign'd.
That I my Heart resign'd.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away :
 'Tis Night when Jockey glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis Day.
But when he smiles 'tis Day.
 When our Eyes meet, I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint :
 What Lass, that wou'd be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind.
Can better tell her Mind.

SONG 58. *Damon and Sylvia.*

DE A R Sylvia, no longer my Passion despise,
 Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful
 Eyes, (prove,) (prove.)
 They become not Disdain, but most charming wou'd
 If once they were soften'd with Smiles and with Love
If once they were soften'd &c.

S Y L V I A.

Whi'e I with a Smile can each Shepherd subdue,
 Oh Damon ! I must not be soften'd by you :
 Nor fondly give up in an unguarded Hour,
 The Pride of us Women, unlimited Pow'r.

D A M O N.

Tho' Power, my Dear, be to Deities giv'n,
 Yet generous Pity's the Darling of Heaven :
 Oh then be that Pity extended to me,
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no Goddess but thee.

S Y L V I A.

Suppose to your Suit I shou'd listen a while,
 And only, for Pity's sake, grant you a Smile :

D A M O N.

Nay stop not at that, but your Kindness improve,
 And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love,

S Y L V I A.

Well then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my Heart,
 And if it be possible, grant you a Part :

DAMON.

Now that's like your self, like an Angel express'd :
For grant me but Part, and I'll soon steal the rest.

BOTH.

Take heed ye fair Maids, and with Caution be-
lieve,
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive :
When once the least Part the sly Urchin has gain'd,
You'll ne'er be at Ease, till the whole is obtain'd.

SONG 59. *Haughty Strephon.*

YE Gods that round fair Cælia wait,
From her bright Eyes to bring our Fate.
Bear to the Nymph my softest Sighs,
And tell her, her Adorer dies :

Ye Gods that round fair Cælia wait, &c.

But if that won't her Pity move,
And she, proud Thing, disdains to Love :
Then let her know 'tis all a Lye,
For haughty Strephon scorns to die.

For haughty Strephon scorns to die, &c.

SONG 60. *Hark, Hark, &c.*

HARK, hark ! 'tis a Voice from the Tomb !
Come Lucy it cries, come away,
The Grave of thy Colin has Room,
To rest thee beside his cold Clay :

I come, my dear Shepherd, I come,
Ye Friends and Companions adieu,
I haste to my Colin's dark Home,
To die on his Bosom so true.

To die on his Bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight Bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
And forth to the green Turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale Ashes repose :

All wet with the Night's chilling Dew.
 Her Bosom embrac'd the cold Ground,
 While stormy Winds over her blew,
 And Night-Ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,
 How long must thy Lucy complain?
 How long shall the Grave my Love hide,
 How long e'er it join us again?
 For thee, thy fond Shepherdess liv'd,
 With thee, o'er the World wou'd she fly,
 For thee, has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 For thee, wou'd she lie down and die.

Alas ! what avails it how dear,
 Thy Lucy was once to her Swain !
 Her Face like the Lilly so fair,
 And Eyes that gave Light to the Plain !
 The Shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That Face and those Eyes charm no more,
 And Lucy forgot and alone,
 To Death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in Despair,
 And mourn'd to the Echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the Air,
 And Thunder shook dreadful the Ground :
 I hear the kind Call and obey,
 Ah Colin ! receive me, she cry'd,
 Then breathing a Groan o'er his Clay,
 She hung on his Tomb-Stone and dy'd.

SONG 61. *Good Damon, &c.*

GOOD Damon if you will you may,
 Set Spies and Guards to watch my Way,
 Or mark my Looks with jealous Eye.
 When any well dress'd Swain is nigh,
 Yet Woman's Wit a Way will find,
 In spite of Caution to be kind,

For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may Sleep,
For if myself I do not keep, &c.

'Tis said of old, by Authors sage,
 Restraint does more the Will enrage,
 The Flame confin'd still fiercer burns,
 And Passion check'd to Madness turns,
 'Tis better then to set me free,
 Than shut me under Lock and Key,
 For if myself &c.

When Love does once the Breast inspire,
 Like Moths that play about the Fire,
 Through carefull Guards and wakefull Spies,
 It rushes fearless to the Prize :
 Unless the Will itself restrain,
 Your Bars, and Walls, and Steel are vain,
 For if myself &c.

Would you secure the Fair at Home,
 Go bid her wander, bid her roam,
 'Tir'd out with Fops and Fools all Day,
 No more she'll ask abroad to stray,
 'Tis Freedom's self must make her true,
 And fix her Choice on none but you,
 But if ourselves &c.

SONG 62. *If Love's, &c.*

IF Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment !
 If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content,
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain :
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
 Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known,
 But Oh ! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does
 prove,

By 'ome willing Mistake to discover her Love,
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare
 name.

How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms,
 How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms,
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above,
 And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must
 yield, (Field.

For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

SONG 63. *The Sigh.*

GENTLE Air thou Breath of Lovers,
 Vapour from a secret Fire,
Vapour from a secret Fire,
 Which by thee its self discovers,
 Ere yet daring to aspire,
Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
 Harmony's refined Part,
 Striking while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the List'ners Heart,
 Safest Messenger of Passion,
 Stroling thro' a Crowd of Spies,
 Who contrain the outward Fashion,
 Close the Lips and watch the Eyes,

Shapeless Sigh we ne'er can show thee;
 Fram'd but to assault the Ear,
 Yet ere to their Cost they know thee,
 Ev'ry Nymph may read thee here.

SONG 64. *To Nymphs, &c.*

YE Nymphs and Swains that sweetly play,
 On Tweeds fam'd Banks or winding Tay,
 Ah say what happy Spot detains,
 My Peggy since she left these Plains,

Say in what Bow'r, beneath what Shade,
Soft Slumbers lall the gentle Maid,
For Love shall lend me Wings to fly,
And pow'rfull Fancy place me nigh.

Alas ! the blissfull Scene how chang'd.
Where once we both with Pleasure rang'd,
Not half so fair the Lilly springs,
Not half so sweet the Linnæa Sings,
Haste then, thou lovely Fair, once more
O haste to bless the southern Shore,
And April's Clouds shall smile as gay,
As all the sunny Pride of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny,
Thy Beauties to my longing Eye,
If Time a cruel Change has wrought,
Or Tweed a sweeter Lesson taught.
But should thy faithful Shepherd find
His lovely Peggy still is kind,
Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,
And I with double Rapture love.

SONG 65. *Love never more, &c.*

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee ;
Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
Thy Love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My Deary, if thou die.
If Fate shou'd tear thee from my Breast,
How lonely shall I stray,
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
In Sighs the silent day,
I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see,
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy after thee.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart,
 With Cupid's raving Rage,
 But thine which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage,
 'Twas this that like the morning Sun,
 Gave Joy and Life to me,
 And when its destin'd Day is come,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity, view the Fair.
 Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me,
 Oh! never rob them from those arms,
 I'm lost if Peggy die,

SONG 66. *When first &c.*

WHEN first lov'd Psyche made her Choice,
 Jove sent Mercury from the Skys,
 To summon all the Deitys,
 To a divine Collation,
 Sol with bright Aurora came,
 Vulcan with his charming Dame,
 And Iris put on a Robe of Flame,
 Streak'd with a fresh Carnation,
 Juno had a Mantle full of Moons and Stars,
 Venus had a Trophy-gown, a Present made by
 Mars, (plements of Wars)
 Embroider'd all with Swords and Guns, and Im-
 The Triumphs of many a Nation,
Fal, la!, &c.

Altho' adorn'd in bright Array,
 Shining glorious, fresh and gay,
 'Twas a Trifle all to Queen Ann's Birth Day,
 Should they compare in Splendour,

E'ery Duke and Dutchess here,
 Sham'd each God and Goddess there,
 Nor could their Joys with ours compare,
 Shewn to our Faith's Defender,
 The Statesman who sits on the Wool-sack big,
 Will jostle to the Opera as merry as a Grig,
 To ogle there a Tory tall or pretty little Whig,
 Delying the Pretender,

Fal, la! &c.

The great Eugene whose Renown doth soar,
 Well deserving the Sword he wore,
 Were Diamonds valued at ten Times more,
 Thought he beheld a Wonder,
 Party's Jarrs he late had seen,
 High and low exert their Spleen,
 But now in Rev'rence to their Queen,
 Both Sides truckle under.
 Joy from this Moment shall each Hour encrease,
 And Europe find the Benefits of honourable Peace,
 And He, like Jove, the dire Effects of bloody War
 And lay aside his Thuauder, (will cease,)

Fal, lai &c.

SONG 67. *No more, &c.*

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright Beauties that charm'd me
 before :

My self for a Slave, to gay Venus I've sold,
 And barter'd my Freedom for Ringlets of Gold :
 I throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my Flocks,
 And will sing of my Lats, with the golden Locks.

Tho' o'er her white Forehead the gilt Tresses flow
 Like the Rays of the Sun on a Hillock of Snow :
 Such, Painters of old, drew the Queen of the Fair,
 'Tis the Taste of the Ancients, 'tis classical Hair :
 And tho' Witlings may scoff, and tho' Raillery
 mocks :

Yet I'll sing of my Lass with the golden Locks.

Than the Swan in the Brook, she's more dear to
my Sight,

Her Mien is more stately, her Breast is more white.
Her Lips are like Rubies, all Rubies above,
Which are fit for the Labour, or Language of Love:
At the Park in the Mall, at the Play in the Box,
My Lads bears the Bell with her golden Locks.

Her beautiful Eyes as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my Joy, or shall weep for my Wo.
She shall ease my fopd Heart, and shall sooth my
soft Pain,

While thousands of Rivals are fighting in vain: (Fox)
Let them rail at the Fruit they can't reach, like the
While I have the Lads with the golden Locks.

SONG 68. *Jenny of the Green.*

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n Snow,
And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
To dress their Fancy's Queen:

Fain would I sing but Words are faint,
All Music's Pow'rs too weak to paint,

My Jenny of the Green,

My Jenny of the Green,

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,

And told my Tale unseen:

While, faithful in the Lover's Cause,

The Winds would murmur soft Applause,

To Jenny of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,

When, deck'd in all the Pride of May,

She hail'd the sylvan Scene;

Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,

First strove to catch the Grace and-Ease

Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,

On me she cast her partial Eye,

Nor scorn'd my humble Mien:

The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the Fairy-land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay fifteen,
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again,
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between ;
And when we meet the Loss repay.
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay,
With Jenny of the Green.

SONG 69. *The Maid's Resolution.*

AS Chloe sat shelter'd, and breath'd the cool Air,
While Music awaken'd the Grove ;
Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy
In all the soft Language of Love. (Fair,)
But she was so cruel, his Suit she deny'd,
And laugh'd as he told her his Pain,
And while the poor Shepherd sat wooing she cry'd,
I will die a Maid my dear Swain.
I will die a Maid my dear Swain.

Oh ! what, says the Swain, must thy Beauty so gay
Perplex us at once and invite ?
Embrace ev'ry Rapture, lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight.
When Age has crept round, and thy Charms
Then all will my Chloe disdain, (wrinkled o'er,
But still all her Answer was tease me no more,
I will die a Maid—my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
His Flame was so strong and sincere ;
Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes,

And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
 My Joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
 Ah, Chloe! be gentle and good ;
 The fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
 I'd fain die a Maid,—if I cou'd.

SONG 70. *Upon a Summer's &c.*

U P O N a Summer's Ev'ning clear,
 Dione, hapless Maid,
 All wan with Love and pining Care,
 Sought out a secret Shade.
 How wretch'd, ah ! and chang'd am I,
 Unhappy Maid said she :
 No Scene is pleasing to my Eye,
 No Flow'r is sweet to me.
No Flow'r is sweet to me.

So many Vows cou'd Colin make.
 To me, ah faithless Swain !
 And yet those plighted Vows now break,
 And leave me to complain ?
 Why did I rashly, seek his Arms,
 And fond his Tale believe ?
 Alas I yielded all my Charms,
 Nor thought he cou'd deceive !
Nor thought he cou'd deceive.

Yet why of Roses such a Store,
 And Lillies in my Face ?
 Since Lucy now can please you more,
 And claims your fond Embrace ?
 My brightest Charms I'd willing give,
 Reign my rosy Hoe ;
 Content with Lucy's Charms I'd live,
 A rural Maid for you,
A rural Maid for you.

But Colin's deaf, while I upbraid,
 Nor heeds tho' I complain :

Thinks not that I'm the injur'd Maid,
 And be the perjur'd Swain.
 Yet know, false Man, Dione's Shade,
 To fright you shall appear ;
 And when you climb the Marriage Bed,
 Dione will be there.
Dione will be there.

SONG 71. *Still to be neat, &c*

STILL to be neat, still to be dress'd,
 As you were going to a Feast :
 Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd ;
 Ah ! Lady, 'tis to be presum'd,
 Tho' Arts hid Causes are not known
 By Nature, all is not your own.
By Nature, all is &c.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,
 That makes Simplicity a Grace,
 Robes lovely flowing, Hair as free :
 Such sweet Neglect more takes with me,
 Than all the glaring Modes of Art,
 That strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.

SONG 72. *To fair Fidele's, &c.*

TO fair Fidele's grassy Tomb,
 Soft Maids and village Hinds shall bring,
 Each op'ning Sweet of earliest Bloom,
 And rise all the breathing Spring.

No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear,
 To vex with Shrieks this quiet Grove ;
 But Shepherd's Lads assemble here,
 And making Virgins own their Love.

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,
 No Goblins lead their nightly Crew.
 The Female Fays shall haunt the Green,
 And dress thy Grave with early Dew.

The Redbreast oft' at Ev'ning Hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little Aid,
 With hoary Moss and gather'd Flow'rs
 To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

When howling Winds and beating Rain,
 In Tempest shake the sylvan Cell;
 Or mid'st the Chace on ev'ry Plain,
 The tender Thoughts on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely Scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the Tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd, till Life cou'd charm no more,
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

SONG 73. *As well a Day, &c.*

As well a Day! must I endure,
 This Pain, and who shall work my Cure?
 Fond Love will never seek Repose,
 No Measure to it's Grief it knows,
 The Winds are hush'd and dewy Sleep,
 With soft Embrace has seiz'd my Sheep;
 All wrapt in peacefull Slumber lye,
 But wakefull Philomel and I.

Who better seen in Shepherds Arts,
 To win the wanton Lasses Hearts?
 How to my oaten Pipe so sweet,
 Wont they to change their nimble Feet?
 And many Tales of Mirth had I
 To chace the Sun adown the Sky:
 Since Lucy wrought her Spight, alone
 To Woods I pour my fruitless Moan.

Oh quit thy Scorn, relentless Fair!
 E'er long I perish thro' Despair:
 Had Rosalind possess't my Mind,
 The Maiden wou'd have been more kind,
 Oh think! for Beauty will not stay,
 And Flow'rs ungather'd will decay:

The Flow'rs returning Seasons bring :
But Beauty has no second Spring.

Oh wou'd my Gifts but win her Heart !
Cou'd I but half I feel impart !
For Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
Of Honey rob the thrifty Bee :
Fair is my Flock, nor comeless I,
If Fountains flatter not, and why
Shou'd Fountains flatter us ; yet show
The Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow :

Oh come, my Love ! nor think it mean.
The Dams to milk, the Lambkins wean :
How wou'd the Crook beseech thy Hand !
How wou'd my Younglings round thee stand !
Ah Younglings ! gaze not on her Eye,
Such Glances are the Cause I die.
Sleep, sleep my Flock ; for you may take
Your Rest ; tho' thus your Master wake.

SONG 74. *The Scholar's Relapse.*

BY the Side of a Grove, at the Foot of a Hill,
Where whisper'd the Beech and where mur-
mur'd the Rill,

I vow'd to the Muses my Time, and my Care,
Since neither could win me the Smiles of my Fair.

Free I rang'd like the Birds, like the Birds free
I sung, (Tongue,)

And Daphne's dear Name ne'er escap'd from my
Whene'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear,

With fairest Ideas my Bosom I stor'd ;
Allusions to none but the Nymph I ador'd
And the more I with Study my Fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.

So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must my Daphne's dear Image renew ::

The Graces have yielded with Daphne to rove,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.

SONG 75. *When fond, &c.*

WHEN fond you Damon's Charms recite,
And in that pleasing Name delight ;
My Heart inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With silent strong Relentment beats ;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies,
And all the Man within me dies.

By Turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.
And melt my very Soul away.

SONG 76. *Honest Lover, &c.*

HONEST Lover whatsoever,
It in all thy Love, there ever
Was a Thought, to make thy Flame
Not still even still the same,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

When she first appears i'th' Room ;
If thou art not quite struck dumb,
And repeat'st not twice o'er,
Words thou utter'dst just before,
Know this &c.

If thy Fondness don't mistake,
And Defects for Graces take,
If thou think'st not Jest is made,
When she worse than Nothing said,
Know this &c.

If with her you chance to eat,
And cut not Fingers 'stead of Meat,
Or with gazing on her Face,
Rise not hungry from the Place.

Know this &c.

If by this thou dost discover,
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And desiring to love true,
Dost begin to love anew,

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss,

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

SONG 77. *One of her Hands, &c.*

ONE of her Hands one rosy Cheek lay under,
Coz'ning the Pillow of 'a lawful Kiss,
Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be rob'd of such a Bliss,
The one look'd pale, and for Revenge did long,
While t'other blush'd, 'cause it had done the Wrong.

Out of the Bed the other fair Hand was,
On a green Sattin Quilt, whose perfect white,
Look'd like a Daisie in a Field of Grass,
And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto the Sight;
So lay this pretty fair one, safe to keep.
Her lovely Form, that there lay fast asleep.

SONG 78. *Gay Florimel, &c.*

GAY *Florimel* of noble Birth,
The most engaging Thing on Earth,
To please a blith Gallant,
Has much of Wit and much of Worth,
And much of Tongue to set it forth,

But then she has an Aunt.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd,
To tempt her from her Guardian's Side,

And trap her on Love's Hook !
 She's like a little wanton Lamb,
 That frisks about the carefull Dam,
 But thuns the Shepherd's Crook.

Like wretched *Dives*, am I plac'd,
 To see the Joys I ne'er must taste,
 Of all my Hopes bereav'n ;
 Her Aunt's the dreadfull Gulph betwixt,
 By all the Pow'rs of Malice fix't,
 To cheat me of my Heav'n.

SONG 79. *Why so pale, &c.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover ?
 Prithee prithee why so pale ?
 If thy looking well can't move her,
 Will thy looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner ?
 Why so dull so dull and mute ?
 If thy speaking well can't win her,
 Will thy saying nothing do't ?
 Why so dull so dull and mute ?

Quit for Shame, this will not gain her,
 This w'll never, never do,
 If thy whining can't attain her ;
 Then no more no more pursue :
 Fly from her, as she flies you.

SONG 80. *Ab Chloe, &c.*

AH Chloe ! thou Treasure, thou Joy of my
 Breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Rest,
 I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my Charmer and long to return ;
 The Fields all around me are smiling and gay.
 But they smile all in vain, for my Chloe's away :

The Field and the Grove can afford me no Ease,
But bring me my Chloe, a Desert will Please,
But bring me my Chloe, &c.

No Virgin I see that my B-som alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with Charms,
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye.
These are not the Looks of my Chloe, I cry :
These Looks where bright Love, like the Sun, sits
And smiling, diffuses his Influence round, (enthron'd)
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd,
Thus view'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I
Thus view'd thee, &c. (gaz'd)

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my Sight
It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night ;
But now by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,
In secret I languish, a Prey to Despair,
But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,
My Chloe's still charming, my Passion the same :
O ! would she preserve me a Place in her Breast,
Then Absence would please me, for I should be
Then Absence, &c. (blest,)

SONG 81. *You say You love, &c.*

YOU say You love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd and said the same before ;
And yet I swear (I can't tell how)
I ne'er believ'd a Man till now :
'Tis odd that I, shou'd Credit give
To Words, who know that Words deceive,
And lay my better Judgment by,
To trust my partial Ear, or Eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd,
Your Suit, had you to Morrow try'd ;
But Faith ! unthinkingly, to Day,
My heedless Heart is gone astray,
To bring it back wou'd give me Pain,
Perhaps the Struggle too were vain,
I'm indolent, and he that gains
My Heart, may keep it for his Pains.

SONG 82. *Where the Bee, &c.*

WHERE the Bee sucks their suck I,
In a Cowslip's Bed I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Bat's Back do I fly,

After Sun set merrily,
For merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

SONG 83. *Damon and Phillis.*

DAMON.

O H! Phillis, shame on you, to serve a Swain so,
You promis'd last Lammas, you very well
know, (be join'd,
If I'd stay but till Christmase, our Hands should
And 'tis Midsummer now, Phillis why so unkind?
Why, why Phillis, why so unkind.

PHILLIS.

True Damon, I promis'd, I own it — what then,
My Mind has since alter'd — how faithless are
You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other Day (Men)
Who swore that young Lucy was sweet as the May?
Sweet, sweet, was as sweet as the May.

DAMON.

When Phillis grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
And was singing to Colin beneath the green Thorn,
Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who was to blame,
If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same?

Strove, strove to make Phillis the same.

PHILLIS.

Like the Bee, that goes roving to rife the Spring,
You pip'd to each Damsel, to me You would sing,
I lik'd the sweet Lay for I thought it sincere,
But why does Pastora so oft drop the Tear?

Why, why so oft drop the Tear,

D A M O N.

From my Heart let me tell thee, I proudly essay'd
 To conquer each beautiful insolent Maid,
 The Garlands they wreath'd at thy Feet are resign'd,
 This, this was my Pride, then is Phillis unkind ?
 Then, then, then is Phillis unkind ?

P H I L L I S.

How frail the Disguise a fond Lover would try !
 How weak the thin Snare that the Soul would belye !
 Hence, hence with Suspicion, away from the Grove,
 And prove at the Church, that Truth waits upon
 Prove, prove Truth waits upon Love, (Love)

B O T H.

Hence, hence with Suspicion, away from the Grove,
 And prove at the Church, that Truth waits upon
 Love,
 Hence, hence with Suspicion, away from the Grove,
 And prove at the Church, that Truth waits upon
 Prove, prove Truth waits upon Love, (Love)

SONG 84. *Ye Woods, &c.*

YE Woods and ye Mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose pale Shadows I stray,
 To the Breast of my Charmer alone,
 These Sighs, bid sweet Echo, convey,
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By Fountain on Hill, or in Grove ;
 His Heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from Sorrow and Love.

More soft than the Nightingale's Song,
 Oh ! woe the sad Sound to his Ear,
 And say tho' divided so long,
 The Friend of his Bosom is near.
 Then tell him what Years of Delight,
 Then tell him what Ages of Pain,

I felt while I liv'd in his Sight,
I feel till I see him again.

SONG 85. *The Jolly Toper.*

THE Women all tell me I am false to my
Lafs,

That I quit my poor Chloe and stick to my Glas,
But to you Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good and I'm sure she was fair,
But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
That make it as good and charming as she.

My Chloe had Dimples and Smiles I must own.
But tho' she could smile, yet in Truth she could
frown ;

But tell me ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine.

Her Lillies and Roses were just in their Prime,
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by Time,
But in Wine, from its Age, such a Benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would in Time have been
cloy'd,
And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd,
But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove,
The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love ;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n no Rival contends,
For the more we love Liquor the more we are Friends.

She too might have poison'd the Joys of my Life,
With Nurses, and Babies, and squalling and Strife,
But my Wine neither Nurses, nor Babies can bring,
And a big bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when with Love we engage
It brings on Discafes, and hastens old Age,

But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the
Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word,
She'd have left me to gain an Estate, or a Lord,
But my Bumper regarding, nor Title, nor Pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain
She's rid of her Lover and I of my Pain ;
For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy,
Shou'd you doubt what I say, take a Bumper & try.

SONG 86. *Love Preferable to Wine.*

IF a Lover is told he is false to his Fair,
For the Sake of a Bottle the Truth I'll declare,
He that quite a fair Virgin, to stick to his Glass,
Must by all Men of Reason be stiled an Ass :

Virtue and Beauty united be good,
'Tis certain it must be by all understood,
The Delights of a Bumper are not to compare,
To the excellent Charms of the good and the fair,

To Dimples and Smiles with Delight we attend,
If a Frown, 'tis for Faults which with Pleasure we
Ye Drinkers declare if the Truth ye will own (mend)
Smiles of Liquor may please, but they end in a Frown,
Tho' Beauty we see in the Lilly and Rose,
The Charms of dear Chloe, are sweeter than those ;
Tho' by Time they are conquer'd, Remembrance
remains,

To live happy in Age is Reward for their Pains,

With the Bottle or Love, whoe'er is employ'd,
Oft finds one insipid, t'other always enjoy'd ;
Tho' ever in Drinking his Hours are spent,
He ever is craving yet never content,
What Friendship in Love is by History prov'd,
Which nothing but Death hath ever remov'd,
By drinking what Murders and Mischiefs ensue ?
Which by daily Example is known to be true.

No Strife or Disturbance arises from Love,
 We are told 'tis an Emblem of what is above ;
 In Infancy, Innocence, Virtue's employ'd,
 Which in Use of the big-belly'd Bottle's deny'd :
 In the Pleasure of Love, we with Joy pass our
 It sooth's all our Cares, our Pain it allays ; (Days
 In drinking the Pleasure of Life is destroy'd,
 One Leg's in the Grave before half 'tis enjoy'd.

What Delight's in a Fair ever true to her Word,
 Who to forfeit that Name wou'd not join with a
 In Distresses a Friend, an Adviser in Grief, (Lord,)
 Who to fly to a Bottle wou'd find that Relief ?
 Such Comforts in Love throughout Life I can spy,
 Who'd not leave a Bottle a fair one to try ;
 Each Circumstance weigh'd it is easy to prove,
 True Happiness only is center'd in Love.

SONG 87. *The Rover.*

IN all the Sex some Charms I find,
 I love to try all Womankind :

The fair, the smart, the witty.

The fair, the smart, the witty,

In Cupid's Fetters most severe.

I languish'd out the live long Year,

The Slave of wanton Kitty.

The Slave, &c.

At length I broke the galling Chain,

And swore that Love was endless Pain,

One constant Scene of Folly,

One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke,

But soon I felt the second Stroke,

And sigh'd for blew-eye'd Molly.

And sigh'd &c.

With Tresses next of Flaxen Hue,

Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,

That lives in yonder Alley :

That lives &c.

Then Cupid threw another Snare,
And caught me in the curling Hair,
Of little tempting Sally,
Of little &c.

Adorn'd with Charms tho' blith and young,
My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
This Heart of yielding Metal :
This Heart &c.

And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the Prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.
But never more will settle.

SONG 88. *See Amanda, &c.*

SEE Amanda blooming Nature,
Paints the Meads with gay Delight,
Flora's ev'ry beauteous Feature,
Cheers the Heart and charms the Sight ;
Hast my fair ones come away,
Each fresh Blessing we'll improve,
Give to sylvan Sports the Day,
The Night to Love, mysterious Love.

Quit the Town's tempestuous Ocean,
Pleasure here has fix'd her Seat,
Hymen claims our just Devotion,
Hymen loves this calm Retreat :
Here the wanton Graces sport,
Care far hence an Exile roves,
Cupid here maintains his Court,
Here Cupid shall unite our Loves.

SONG 89. *The diffident Lover.*

WHEN Chloe was by Damon seen,
What Heart cou'd be unmov'd ?
She look'd so like the cyprian Queen,
He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd :
He lov'd alas ! but lov'd in vain,
And full of Grief and Care,

He knew he never could obtain,
The lovely charming Fair.

Chloe deserv'd a better Swain,
He, not so fair a Bride,
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd, despair'd and dy'd ;
Take Pity then thou charming Maid,
For Chloe's Case is thine
I dare not ask so much I dread,
Must Damon's Fate be mine ?

SONG 90. *Polworth Green.*

THOU Beauty like the Rose,
That shines on Polworth Green,
In various Colours shows,
As 'tis by Fancy seen,
Yet all its different Glories lie,
United in her Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So smooth, so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's Care,
Each Motion seems assign'd.
But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly ;
As if for Wings they stole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind amorous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile
And wave their balmy Wings ;
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm :
The Soul in blissful Extasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

SONG 91. *The Happy Shepherds.*

IF those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,
 Press not the rich and stately Bed ;
 The new mown Hay and breathing Flow'r,
 A softer Couch beneath them spread :
 If those who sit at Shepherd's Board,
 Sooth not their Taste by wanton Art,
 They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful Heart.

If those who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
 No high and sparkling Wines can boast ;
 With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
 And crown them with a Village Toast :
 If those who join in Shepherd's Game,
 Lead not the splendid Dance along,
 To the gay Pipe their Steps they frame,
 And Love is theirs, and merry Song.

SONG 92. *Fanny.*

TO Fanny fair I wou'd impart,
 The Cause of all my Woe,
 That Beauty which has won my Heart,
 She scarcely seems to know :
 Unskill'd in Arts of Woman-kind,
 Without Design she charms,
 How can the sparkling Eye be blind,
 Which ev'ry Bosom warms.

She knows her Power, 'tis all Deceit,
 Her conscious Blushing shews,
 That Blushing to the Eye more sweet,
 Than opening budding Rose,
 But the delicious fragrant Rose,
 That charms the Sense so much,
 Upon a thorny Brier grows,
 And wounds whene'er you touch.

So when I first beheld the fair,
 With Raptures I was blest ;

But when I would approach too near,
 At once I lost all Rest :
 Th' enchanting Sight, the sweet Surprise,
 Prepared for my Doom,
 And one cold Look from those bright Eyes,
 Would lay me in my Tomb.

SONG 93. *Come gentle God, &c.*

COME gentle God of soft Desire,
 Come and possess my happy Breast ;
 Not Fury like in Flames of Fire,
 Or frantic Folly's Wildness drest.

But come in Friendship's, Angel-guise,
 Yet dearer thou than Friendship art,
 More tender Spirit in thy Eyes,
 More sweet Emotions at the Heart.

O come with Goodness in thy Train,
 With Peace and Pleasure, void of Storm,
 And would'st thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning Form,

SONG 94. *The Lovers Spring.*

THE joyous Birds on ev'ry Spray,
 Now warble sweet their am'rous Lay.
 Each sings to gain his Consort's Ear,
 And all salute the new born Year :
 While bursting Gems with lively Green,
 Bepaint afresh each verdant Scene,
 New Music animates the Grove,
 And every Song's the Voice of Love.

As Memnon erst, the God of Day,
 Awakes them with his genial Ray,
 With his, my Phœbe's Power may vie,
 To glad the Heart, and cheer the Eye,
 Blith as the Birds, gay as the Grove,
 When with the charming Maid I rove,
 Like it I'd look, like them I'd sing,
 Her presence only makes the Spring.

SONG 95. *Amanda.*

UNless with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the Woodbine Bow'r,
 Unless to deck her sweeter Breast,
 In vain I tear the breathing Flow'r.

Awakn'd by the genial Year,
 In vain the Birds around me sing;
 In vain the fresh'ning Fields appear,
 Without my Love, there is no Spring.

SONG 96. *Ab Damon, &c.*

AH! Damon dear Shepherd adieu,
 By Love and first Nature ally'd,
 Together in Fondness we grew,
 Ah! would we together had dy'd;
 For thy Faith which resembl'd my own,
 For thy Soul which was spotless and true,
 For the Joys we together have known,
 Ah! Damon dear Shepherd adieu.

What Bliss can hereafter be mine,
 Whomever engaging I see?
 To his Friendship I ne'er can incline,
 For fear I should mourn him like thee;
 Tho' the Muses should crown me with Art,
 Tho' Honour and Fortune should join,
 Since thou art denied to my Heart,
 What Bliss can hereafter be mine.

Ah! Damon dear Shepherd farewell,
 Thy Grave with sad Officers I'll bind,
 Tho no more in one Cotrage we dwell,
 I'll keep thee for ever in Mind:
 Each Morning I'll visit alone,
 His Ashes who lov'd me so well;
 And murmur each Eve, o'er his Stone,
 Ah! Damon dear Shepherd farewell.

SONG 97. *Hard is the Fate, &c.*

HARD is the Fate of him who loves
Yet dares not tell his trembling Pain,
But to the sympathetic Groves,

But to the lonely list'ning Plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your Shade,

Oh ! when her Footsteps next are seen,

In flow'ry Tracts along the Mead,

In fresher Mazes o'er the Green.

Ye gentle Spirits of the Vale,

To whom the Tears of Love are dear,

From dying Lillies waft a Gale,

And sigh my Sorrows in her Ear ;

But if at first her Virgin Fear,

Should start at Love's suspected Name,

With that of Friendship sooth her Ear,

True Love and Friendship are the same.

SONG 98. *In vain the fleeting, &c.*

IN vain the fleeting Clouds we chide,

Or bid the rolling Billows stay,

Like them does Time our Call deride,

Like them in Silence hast away,

Yet how unjustly we complain,

If we the present Instant seize :

He wings his vagrant Flight in vain,

Spite of himself a while he stays,

If Life's a Passage all must tread,

Happiest who most unheeding stray,

Who follow where the Graces lead,

And strew with Flow'rs a thorny Way.

SONG 99. *A Cantata.*

SEE what Sweets this Wreath compose,

Dost thou love the new b'own Rose,

Or the red Pink wet with Dew

Or the Jess'mine's vestal Hue ?

Here they are ! with fragrant Thyme
Emblems of the Season's Prime,

Haste, my Maid this Flow'ret shows,
How must fade the florid Rose,
How each Offspring of the Spray,
All must sicken and decay.
Let these tell how Youth is Spring,
That Time is always on the Wing.

To the Voice of Love comply,
Haste or soon the Roses die,
The Jess'mine's White must leave the Brow ;
Thyme thy Breath will cease to blow,
On thy Lips the Pink shall fade
Should'st thou prove a rigid Maid.

What is all the Roses bloom,
What the Jess'mine's rich Perfume,
What the Tincture of the Pink,
Prithee fair one timely think.
Ah ! these perish with the Day,
Youth like these must fleet away.

SONG 100. *If I say, &c.*

IF I say, tho' 'tis Gospel, that Rachael is fair,
Commend her good Humour, her Shape and her
If I give her a Toast tis a Laugh and a Jest, (Air,
That my Heart is in Motion, tho' surely at rest,

If Jenny's gay Airs at the Ball I approve,
And talk of each Step, not a Word said of Love,
If I hit a fine Feature nor venture on more,
My Heart is quite gone which but flutter'd before.

If musing on Nelly, I sit all alone,
And praise her mild Temper that suits with my
own,
If I wander with her by the Banks of a Stream,
Quick Scandal will publish that Love is the Theme.

While she sits at her Work, If I trifle the Day,
In singing a Sonnet or reading a Play.

At Cards, if a Partner she falls to my Share,
'Tis whisper'd she'll soon be a Partner elsewhere.

At the Church, at th' Assembly, wherever I go,
They say I'm in Love, but I answer them no,
To Fondness they construe each Look and each
Smile,

Tho' nothing but Friendship is meant all the while.

Tho' she's Wit to enliven, and Sallies at Will,
With Beauty enough, and an Eye that can kill,
Yet no Art she employs a fond Lover to move,
Then tell me, O Censure, does this look like Love.

But now I regardless of Censure am grown,
And seek but the Friendship of Nelly alone,
With her I'll still venture, enraptur'd to rove,
And talk about Trifles, perhaps talk of Love.

SONG 101. *One Morning, &c.*

ONE Morning bright within the Grove,
I met young Anna maying,
Thus Poets paint the Queen of Love,
Their utmost Skill displaying.

No more our Swains
In rural Strains

Sing Nell, Doll, Sue or Fanny,

For Doll and Sue,

Nell, Fanny too,

Are nothing to my Nanny:

I drop'd my Crook in wild Surprise,

My Heart was in a Flutter,

A Dimness seiz'd my swimming Eyes,

My Tongue could hardly utter,

As Daisies mean

Upon the Green

Appear Doll, Nell, Sue, Fanny,
 But like the Rose,
 Superior blows,
 Each Charm of blooming Nanny.
 I next beheld her at the Wake,
 By Crouds of Swains surrounded,
 Each Shepherd's Heart did throb and ake,
 They stood with Love confounded.
 With envious Eye,
 Stood leering by,
 Doll, Nell, Sue and Fanny,
 But mortal Spight,
 Shall never blight
 The bloom of lovely Nanny.

If Words can speak the Heart's Distress,
 They'll tell her how I languish,
 It frequent Sighs, Despair express,
 Let Sighs declare my Anguish.

I no Relief,
 Against my Grief.
 Find in Nell, Doll, Sue, Fanny,
 Nor e'er shall rest
 Till to my Breast
 I fold my yielding Nanny.

SONG 102. *Of Freedom too, &c.*

OF Freedom too fond or too wanton with Pride,
 The Threats of young Cupid bright Chloe
 defy'd,

And while Swains were sighing, or tun'd the soft Lay,
 Seem'd cold as December, while blooming as May.

Despairing his Suit, gentle Willy forsook,
 And silent return'd to his Flock and his Crook,
 And Damon her Beauty once fond to rehearse,
 No longer to Chloe address'd the soft Verse.

Awak'd from her Dream the disconsolate Maid,
 Saw her Lillies were fading, her Roses decay'd,

And only behold of the languishing Train,
The least in her Wishes young Colin remain.

The Maid, as less fair, more compassionate grew,
Nor fled when she saw the young Shepherd pursue.
And resolv'd when he talk'd of his Torture and
In pure Love, to herself, to afford him Relief. (Grief

Now proud of his Conquest, Oh come to my
Arms,
Transported he cry'd, with that Treasure of Charms,
So long by my fair one, reserv'd for her Swain,
While others unheeded requested in vain.

Ah! think not, my Shepherd, the fair one
reply'd.
I slighted their Love while their Suit I deny'd,
To their easy Faith, all your Blessings you owe,
Who believ'd me too soon when I answer'd them no.

SONG 103. *I once was, &c.*

I Once was prudish, vain and grave,
Held ev'ry Mortal for a Slave,
Who dar'd to be my Lover:
I'm not the Tyrant as before
I'm twenty, nay I'm something more,
And all those *Airs* are over.

There's honest Strephon of the Plain,
Who courted long to wear my Chain,
Now triumphs o'er my Folly:
To Nell, or Jenny of the Vale,
The Shepherd tells his love-sick Tale,
Or else to simple Polly.

Methinks the Rose still decks my Face,
Nor have I lost a single Grace,
That once engag'd my Strephon;
My Ear would listen if he swore,
My vanquish'd Heart contend no more,
But yield to him it doats on.

But he feels Pleasure in my Pain,
 And gives me, in my Turn, Disdain,
 And makes his Jests upon me :
 Where's now that lofty Pride he cries,
 That stubborn Heart, those piercing Eyes
 That murder'd all before ye.

Undone alas ! by my own Art,
 I've play'd too fine the Beauty's Part,
 Am frighted as I should be ,
 Ye Nymphs employ not thus your Skill,
 Ne'er frown on those you dread to kill,
 Least cold Neglect attend ye.

SONG 104. *Ah ! why must, &c.*

AH ! why must Words my Flame reveal ?
 What need my Damon bid me tell
 What all my Actions prove ?
 A Blush when e'er I meet his Eye,
 When e'er I hear his Name, a Sigh
 Betrays my secret Love.

In all their Sports upon the Plain,
 My Eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve :
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all, he steals my Praise away,
 And can he doubt my Love.

Whene'er we meet my Looks confess,
 The Joys which all my Soul possess,
 And ev'ry Care remove :
 Still, still too short appears his Stay,
 The Moments fly too swift away,
 Too swift for my fond Love.

Does any speak in Damon's Praise,
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry Word approve :

But is he blam'd altho' in Jest,
I feel Resentment fire my Breast,
Alas! because I love.

But O what Tortures tear my Heart;
When I suspect his Looks impart

The least Desire to rove :
I hate the Maid who gives me Pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah ! that Hate is Love.

Then ask not Words, but read my Eyes,
Believe my Blushes, trust my Sighs,
My Passion these will prove :
Words oft deceive, and spring from Art,
The true Expression of my Heart,
To Damon, must be Love.

SONG 105. *To Euphrosine.*

THE Winter's fled, with all his Train
Of nipping Frosts and chilling Rain,
On ev'ry Bush the Linnet sings,
In ev'ry Mead the Cowslip springs,
And all around is bright and gay,
Chear'd by the blest Return of May.

Come then thou Goddess, banish Fear,
And Discontent and pining Care,
Oh come the serious Brow unbend,
And be to wrinkled Age a Friend ;
Without thy Aid the youthful Swain,
Beholds the Season smile in vain,
Nor sportive Dance, nor merry Song,
Invite to Mirth the rural Throng.

While thou art by, the social Bowl,
Diffuses Nectar o'er the Soul ;
The Nymphs and jocund Swains advances,
In flow'ry Meads, to form the Dance ;
Wise Mortals yield to Love and Play,
And live nor trust returning May.

SONG 106. *The Tree top'd Hill.*

ON Tree top'd Hill or tufted Green,
 Whilst yet Aurora's Vest is seen,
 Before the Sun hath left the Sea,
 May the fresh Morning breath on me.

To shady Groves and flow'ry Meads,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps lead,
 And shew me to that pleasing Stream,
 Of which at Night so oft I dream.

At Noon the gloomy Woods I'll tread,
 With Autumn Leaves and dry Moss spread,
 And cooling Fruits for thee prepare,
 For sure I think thou wilt be there.

Till Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
 With thee the Time seems never long
 Oh! let us speak of Love that's past,
 And count how long it hath to last.

I'll sing eternally, and thou
 Shalt only look as kind as now,
 I'll ask no more, for that affords
 What is not in the Force of Words.

SONG 107. *What Beauties, &c.*

WHAT Beauties does my Nymph disclose,
 Less fair the Silver Lilly blows,
 Such Blushes glow not on the Rose,
 As on the Cheeks of Phillis:

The other Day upon the Green,
 I saw a Nymph of heav'nly Mien,
 I ran to greet the cyprian Queen,
 But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy Grot with Ivy bound,
 Where fragrant Woodbines curl around,
 And Daisies dapple o'er the Ground
 I sit and murmur Phillis:

And when the Lark with dewy Wings,
To hail the Morn exulting springs,
I rise and tune the trembling Strings,
To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely Maid,
I gaz'd inaptur'd and dismay'd,
My faltring Tongue was quite afraid

To tell my Pangs to Phillis :
Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest Dart ;
At once I felt the pleasing Smart,
That very Hour I lost my Heart,
And now it dwells with Phillis.

SONG 108. *The Drum, &c.*

THE Drum is unbrae'd and the Trumpet no
Shall rouse the fierce Soldier to fight, (more
Our Meads shall no longer be floated with Gore,
Nor Terror disturb the calm Night.

Once more o'er the Fields golden Harvests shall
The Olive her Flowers encrease, (thine,
Again purple Clusters shall bloom on the Vine,
These, these are the Blessings of Peace.

The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade,
Or merrily pipes in the Vale ;
The Youth in soft Numbers attempts his coy Maid,
The Virgins dance blyth in the Dale.

The Flow'rs with gay Colours embroider the
Unpress'd by an Enemy's Feet ; (Ground,
The Bleatings of Sheep from the Hillocks resound,
And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.

SONG 109. *To dear Amarillis, &c.*

TO dear Amarillis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd Passion and dy'd for in
Songs,
He went one May Morning to meet in the Grove,

By her own dear Appointment, this Goddess of
Love,

Mean while in his Mind all her Charms he ran
And doated on each, can a Lover do more?

He waited and waited, then changing his Strain,
'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain;
The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd
downright,

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
But never to change, can a Lover do more?

Cleora, it hap'd, was by Accident there,
No Rose bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair,
He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd!
Nor would she deny him, so civil a Maid!
Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
And dear Amaryllis was thought of no more.

SONG 110 *To Nymphs, &c.*

YE Nymphs of the Plain who once saw me so
gay,

You ask why in Sorrow I spend the whole Day:
'Tis Love, cruel Love, that my Peace did betray.

Then crown your poor Phillis with Willow.
The Bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this
Cheek,

My Eyes no more sparkle, my Tongue can scarce
speak,

My Heart too so flutters I fear it will break,
Then crown your poor Phillis with Willow.

Ye Lovers so true, that attend on my Bier,
And think that my Fortune has prov'd too severe,
Ah! curb not the Sigh, nor refuse the kind Tear,
Then strew all the Place round with Willow.

Erect me a Tomb, and engrave on its Side,
'Here lies a poor Maiden, whose Love was deny'd:
She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd:
Then shade it with Cypress and Willow.

SONG III. *When Fairies, &c.*

T H R Y S I S.

WHEN Fairies dance round on the Grass,
 And revel to Night's awful Noon;
 O say will you meet me, sweet Lais,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon?

P H I L L I S.

My Passion I seek not screen,
 Then can I refuse you your Boon?
 I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon.
 The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,
 Then charms all the Plains with her Tune;
 And glad of the Absence of Morn,
 Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.

T H R Y S I S.

How sweet is the Jessamine Grove!
 And sweet are the Roses of June;
 But sweeter's the Language of Love,
 Breath'd forth by the Light of the Moon.
 Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day,
 Unwilling to grant me my Boon:
 Away, envious Sunshine, away,
 Give Place to the Light of the Moon.

P H I L L I S.

But say will you never deceive
 The Lais whom you conquer'd so soon?
 And leave a lost Maiden to grieve
 Alone by the Light of the Moon.

T H R Y S I S.

The Planets shall start from their Spheres,
 Ere I prove so fickle a Loon;
 Believe me, I'll banish thy Fears,
 Dear Maid, by the Light of the Moon.

B O T H.

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view,
 To us they their Pipes shall attune,

While we our soft Pleasures renew,
Each Night by the Light of the Moon.

SONG 112. *My Pride, &c.*

MY Pride is to hold all Mankind in my Chain,
The Conquest I prize, tho' the Slaves I
I'll tease them and vex them, (disdain,
I'll plague and perplex them,

Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain,
By Turns I encourag'd each amorous Swain ;
They knelt and they trembled,
I smil'd and dissembled,

Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me ye Nymphs, and my Counsel believe
Resist all their Wiles, the Deceivers deceive ;

Their Canting and Whining,

Their Sighing and Pining,

All are meant as Baits our weak Sex to betray,
Then prove there are Women as cunning as they,

SONG 113. *When the Buds, &c.*

WHEN the Buds first appear to hail in the
Year

And all Nature looks youthful and gay,

When the Birds on each Bough, by their Ma'es fit
and coo,

And are chanting their Loves on each Spray.

In a Cottage at Night may I take great Delight,

In the Fields and the Meadows all Day,

With my sweet Florimel, whose Charms do excel
All the beautiful Flowers in May.

When the Lark, with shril tone, sings aloft in the
Let my fairest and I then awake, (Morn,

View the far distant Hills, 'mongst the sweet
purling Rills,

Then arise and our Cottage forsake,

When the Sun shines on high, that my Charmer
and I

To some neighbouring Plain may repair,

There sweet Pleasure enjoy, and Ambition defy,

While we breath the fresh Sweets of the Air.

And when we return to our Cottage at Night,

Hand in hand as we saunter and stray,

Let the Moon's silver Beams thro' the Trees dart
their Gleams,

Shew the Path and conduct us our Way.

Let the Nightingale's Song pass the Thickets along

As thus gently and slowly we move,

And let no other talk be express'd in our Walk,

But of tender caressing and Love.

At the Time of sweet Rest, with my Charmer thus

E'er our Eyes are clos'd up in their Lids. (blest'd

Let us hug, ay and kiss, and tast of that Bliss,

Which the Sunshine and Day-light forbid.

SONG 114. *Would you in, &c.*

WOULD you in her you love be blest,

Ye Lovers these Instructions mind,

Conceal the Passion in your Breast,

Be dumb, insensible and blind :

But if with gentle Looks you meet,

And see the artless Blushes rise

Be silent, loving, and discreet,

The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,

Where Virtue is with Beauty join'd,

Then boldly like yourself appear,

No more insensible or blind :

Pour forth the Transports of your Heart,

And speak your Soul without Disguise,

'Tis Fondness, Fondness must impart,
The Oracle no more implies-

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the Snare,

That still entraps all Woman kind,

Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,

Be dead, insensible and blid:

But shou'd some fond, deserving Youth

Agree to join in Hymen's Ties,

Be tender, constant, crown his Truth,

The Oracle no more implies

SONG 115. *Ianthe and Iphis.*

IANTHE the lovely the Joy of the Plain,

By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again,

She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,

Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care,

No-Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew,

But the longer they liv'd still the sonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain, (Swain,

Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the

Some swore 'twou'd be pity their Loves to invade,

That the Lovers alone for each other were made,

But all, all consented that none ever knew,

A Nymph yet so kind or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw them with Pleasure, and vow'd to take

Care,

Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair:

What either did want, he bid-either to move,

But they wanted nothing, but ever to love,

Said 'twas all to please them, his Godhead could do

'That they still might be kind, and they still might

be true.

SONG 116. *When the Rose, &c.*

WHEN the Rose is in Bud, and blue Violets

blow,

And the Birds sing us Love Songs on every Bough,

When Cowslips, and Daies and Daffodills spread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery Mead.

Our cleanly Milk Pail, is fill'd with brown Ale,
Our Table, our Table's the Grass,
There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a Ring,
And every Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Laff.

When, without the Plow, fat Oxen low,
The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep sheering go,
The Shepherd sheers his jolly jolly Fleece, (Greece,
How much richer than that which they say was in

'Tis our Cloth and our Food,

And our politic Blood.

'Tis the Seat, which our Nobles all sit on,

'Tis a Mine above Ground,

Where our Treasure is found,

'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of Briton.

Our cleanly Milk Pail, &c.

SONG 117. *Cease your, &c.*

CEASE your Music gentle Swains,
Saw you Delia cross the Plains,
Ev'ry Thicket ev'ry Grove,
Have I rang'd to find my Love,
A Kid, a Lamb, my Flock I give,
Tell me only, does she live?

White her Skin as Mountain Snow,
In her Cheeks the Roses blow,
And her Eyes are brighter far,
Than the beamy Morning Star,
When her ruddy Lip you view,
'Tis a Berry moist with Dew.

Sweet she breaths as Ev'ning Gales,
Passing o'er the fragrant Vales,
Wide her Bosom opens gay,
As the flow'ry Fields in May,
Low her glossy Tresses twine,
Like the Tendrils on the Vine,

Like the Hind before the Hounds,
Through the silent Lawn she bounds,
And with lightsome Foot she treads,
When the winding Dance she leads,
Tell me Shepherds have you seen
My Delight, my little Queen.

SONG 118. *Oh let me, &c.*

OH let me unreserv'd declare,
The Dictator of my Breast;
My Thyrsis reigns unrival'd there,
An ever welcome Guest:
No more our sprightly Nymphs I meet,
But seek the lonely Grove;
There sighing to my self repeat,
Some tender Tale of Love.

When absent from my longing Sight,
He is my constant Theme,
His shadowy Form appears by Night,
And shapes the Morning Dream,
Ye spotless Virgins of the Plain,
Deem not my Words too free,
For e're my Passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me.

SONG 119. *Of Race, &c.*

OF Race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals Thee,
For Heaven's Sake then favour me,
Who only live to love Thee,

*An thou wert mine awn Thing,
I wou'd love Thee, I wou'd love Thee,
An thou wert mine awn Thing,
How dearly wou'd I love Thee.*

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
Oh! for their Sake, support a Slave,
Who only lives to love Thee.

An thou wert &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy Sake
 What Man can do I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love Thee.

An thou wert &c.

My Passion constant as the Sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 'Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love Thee.

An thou wert &c.

SONG 120. *Come Roger, &c.*

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell
 Each Lad with his Lads hither come,
 With singing and dancing in Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

'Tis Ceres bids Play, and keep Holiday,

To celebrate Harvest Home,

Harvest Home, Harvest Home,

To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store

Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land,

Let each Man then take, for the Prong and the

His Can and his Lads in his Hand, (Rake,)

For Ceres bids play, &c.

No Courtiers can be so happy as we,

In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth, (Spouse.

While thus we carouse with our Sweet heart o

And rejoyce o'er the Fruits of the Earth,

When Ceres bids play, &c.

SONG 121. *The Address.*

TELL me lovely charming Fair,
 While thus you slight my constant Flare
 Tell me why thus I must despair,
 And ease, oh ease your anxious Swain.

Lost in the Maze of sweet Delight,
 I wander o'er thy beauteous Charms,
 Yet still thy beauteous Mind more bright,
 Inspires my Soul with fresh Alarms.

Why then, my Coelia, this Disdain,
 To one who loves beyond compare;
 You rather Pity to the Swain
 Should give, than add to his Despair.

Try to be kind and in return,
 Reward with Love the faithful Swain,
 And in a mutual Passion burn,
 That so we ever blest remain.

SONG 122. *Should Love, &c.*

SHOULD Love sincere devoid of Art,
 Less Joy, or Bliss bestow,
 Because the Hand goes with the Heart,
 Must that create our Woe:
 Tho' Hymen's Torch burns often dim,
 'Tis not poor Hymen's Fault,
 He ne'er design'd, his Nymphs or Swains,
 Should traffick or be bought.

But Plutus, Foe to gen'rous Love,
 It's Ruin, Curse and Bane,
 Resolv'd that Gold should only move,
 The youthful Nymph and Swain:
 Thus Riches join unequal Pair,
 Neglecting Care and Rule,
 The ugly with the blooming Fair,
 The witty with the Fool,

Let Sense and Merit fix your Choice,
 Good Nature too shou'd aid,
 Attend to Truth's unerring Voice,
 And let not Wealth persuade;
 A Partner thus by Reason chose,
 Your Tenderneſs repays,
 No Chains, no Fetters will impose.
 But sooth your Nights and Days.

SONG 123. *Fair Hebe.*

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her Charms and to drown
'em in Wine,

I try'd it but found when I came to depart, (Heart,
The Wine in my Head and still Love in my
I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid, (weigh'd
Who paus'd on my Case and each Circumstance
Then gravely pronounc'd in Return to my Prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no Need to be taught
I came for a Council to find out a Fault,
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came.

To find Fault with Hebe would forfeit my Name,
What Hope then alas! in Relief for my Pain,
While like Light'ning she darts thro' each
throbbing Vein.

My Senses surpriz'd in her Favour took Arms,
And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

SONG 124. *Hither ye wanton, &c.*

Hither ye wanton Powers resort,
Parent of Love and God of Sport,
Inspire the jolly Ditty,

I sing not of the Paphian Queen,
Of Helen's Charms or Hebe's Mien,
I sing the laughing Kitty.

Your Pagan Pallas send to School,
Your God of Wit's an arrant Fool,
Your Juno but a Slattern:

Wit wou'd you see with Sense combin'd,
And Ease with Dignity of Mind,
Look on my noble Cath'rine.

Breath am'rous Wind thy Ev'ning Gale,
Court ye red Pinks, ye Lillies pale,
Her Step not rude or weighty:

H

No more ye glow, no more perfume,
 Lost in the Sweetness and the Bloom,
 The Cheek, the Breath of Kitty.

Let the vain Turk his Thousands boast,
 And nightly from the servile Host,

Select the fine or pretty :
 The real Transport would he prove
 Send him to learn of me that love
 Me that am lov'd by Kitty,

SONG 125. *Mutual Love.*

WER'T thou yet fairer than thou art,
 Which lies not in the Pow'r of Art ;
 Or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts,
 Than Cupid ever shot at Hearts,
 Yet if they were not thrown at me,
 I would not cast a Thought on thee.

I'd rather marry a Disease,
 Than court the Thing I cannot please ;
 She that would cherish my Desires,
 Must meet my Flame with equal Fires :
 What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,
 To him that doubts the Heart not his.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
 Softer than Down, smoother than Air,
 Nor for the Cupids that do lie,
 In either Corner of thine Eye ,
 Would you then know what it may be,
 'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

SONG 126. *The Mutual Pair.*

DAMON t'avoid Love's fatal Snare,
 Attempted long in vain,
 For still he found his Love encrease,
 Still found Increase of Pain
 At length the Swain with Heart resolv'd,
 But Mind oppress'd with Grief,
 Disclos'd his Passion for the Fair,
 And then implor'd Relief.

With Blushes deep as Damask Rose,
 Retireth'd by Ev'ning Dew ;
 The Maid confess'd to him alone,
 She wou'd be ever true.
 Eager the too fond Lover ran,
 And caught the yielding Maid,
 Expel'd the Torrent of Despair,
 And Joy around display'd.

SONG 127. *Come take up, &c.*

H E A D.

COME take up your Burthen ye Dogs and
 away,
 I intend to walk up to the Bason to Day.

H E E L S.

Your Legs, Sir, are now in such slender Repair,
 We beg that your Honour would go in a Chair.

H E A D,

Ye insolent Dogs ! do you dare to refuse,
 So little a Walk in a new Pair of Shoes ?
 My Legs too methinks might have gratefully gone,
 Since a new Pair of Calves I this Morning put on.

H E E L S.

Do you call us ungrateful ? the Favours you
 prize,
 Were design'd not to gratify us, but your Eyes,
 Is the Footman oblig'd to his Lordship or Grace,
 Who, to feed his own Pride, has equip'd him in
 Lace ?

We think we have very good Cause to complain,
 That you thus are exalted without any Brain,
 As our Merits are equal we justly may plead
 A Title sometimes to walk on our Head.

H E A D.

Very fine ! at this Rate all the Beaus in the
 Town, (down ;
 Wou'd fairly like Tumblers, be turn'd upside

But when I'm diffided, to shew you my Brains,
May all the World cry — He's a Fool for his Pains.

But if I may argue, pray Sirs, who takes Snuff,
Who ogles, who smiles? I think Titles enough,
Can you sing, can you laugh, can you speak, can
you see?

Or what can you do silly Dogs without me?

And to shew you how much your Ambition's
my Scoff

When next you rebel, I'll e'en shake you off;
Tho' I stand not without you, I'm sure I can sit,
In P——t too tho' bereft of my Feet.

H E E L S.

Do you twit us with that? you have Reason
we hear,

We danc'd with the Wives, or you had not been
there;

But to dash you at once let us tell you 'tis said,
That some have sat there without any Head,

H E A D.

Gad's Curse, and that's true; so a Word in your
Ear,

To oblige you for once, — Here Boy, call a Chair,
Let us henceforth together, like wise Men agree,
I'll strive to set you off, and you set off me.

In the next Place, I'll sit very light on your
Shoulder,

For Nature revers'd I grow lighter as older,
When you dance a Minuet, I'll smile my best,
And do you cut a Caper, when I cut a Jest.

SONG 128. *On thy Banks, &c.*

ON thy Banks gentle Stour, when I breath'd
the soft Flute,

To Chloe's sweet Accents, Attention sat mute,
To her Voice with what Transport I swell'd
flow Strain,

Or return'd dying Measures in Echoes again!

Little Cupid beat Time, and the Graces around,
 Taught with even Divisions to vary the Sound.
 From my Chloe remov'd, when I bid it complain,
 And warble smooth Numbers to sooth Love-sick
 Pain,
 How much alter'd it seems as the rising Notes flow,
 And the soft falling Strains, how insipidly flow,
 I will play then no more—for 'tis her Voice alone
 Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its Tone.

SONG 129. *Oft am I, &c.*

OFT am I by the Women told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old;
 Look! look how thy Hairs are falling all,
 Poor Anacreon, poor Anacreon, how they fall.

Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know;
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis Time to live if I grow old;
 'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take,
 Of little Life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

SONG 130. *How hard, &c.*

HOW hard is the Fortune of all Woman-kind,
 For ever subjected for ever confin'd,
 Our Parents controul us until we are Wives,
 Our Husbands enslave us the rest of our Lives.

Tho' fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal,
 Deny'd every Freedom of Life to enjoy,
 We're sham'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if
 we're coy.

SONG 131. *Near Thames, &c.*

NEAR Thames green Banks, a lovelorn
 Nymph reclin'd,
 Thus tax'd her Thyrsis various as the Wind,

Hast thou, pe-fidious Youth, thy Oaths forgot?
And must the mournful Willow be my Lot.

Since thou contemning Gods, thy Vows hast broke,
Thus play'd with Love, and made my Fame thy
Joke;

A dire Revenge on thee I now have chose,
For soon these Waves shall end my Life and Woes.

This said, she hasted to the sounding Flood,
And shudd'ring, o'er it's flow'ry Margin stood;
The Tear of Anguish started in her Eye:
Resolv'd to plunge, she vents a dismal Sigh.

But, in his Terrors, whilst grim Death appears,
She cries, (her wav'ring Mind o'erspread with
Fears)

'Tis Madness all! I'll fly back to the Plains,
I've but one Life, and there's a Choice of Swains.

SONG 132. *If Beauty, &c.*

IF Beauty's Lure alone invite,
Absence may heal our Pain,
But Prudence vainly quits her Sight
Whose Sense and Worth remain.

The fairest Face we may despise,
Which hides a foolish Mind,
But Reason guides the Lover's Eyes,
When Charms and Wit are join'd.

Caught by thy Person and thy Sense,
'Tis both I like, I fear,
For if the Eye could make Defence,
You'd conquer by the Ear.

SONG 133. *The Stolen Kifs.*

ON a Mossy Bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Cloe lay reposing,
O'er her Breast each am'rous Wind,
Wanton play'd, its Sweets disclosing,

Tempted with the swelling Charms,
 Colin happy Swain drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her Arms,
 Laid his Scrip and Sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting Breast,
 His delighted Fingers roving,
 To her Lips his Lips he prest,
 In the Extacy of loving :
 Cloe waken'd with his Kiss,
 Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
 Cry'd true Lovers share the Bliss,
 Why then Colin wou'd you steal it.

SONG 134. *The Neglected Lover.*

Moggy dear Moggy why thus am I slighted,
 Why with thy Frowns is my Passion requited,
 Thousands of Beauties for thee I've neglected,
 Yet in Return am not lov'd nor respected,

Now with soft Smiles or sad Frowns you can
 charm me,

Beauty's uncertain, Old Age will disarm you,
 Fresh as the Spring, tho' you're now, yet remember
 May must exchange for the Frosts in December.

Lillys and Roses, tho' Winter devour 'em,
 Yet the Return of the Spring will restore 'em,
 Beauty ne'er boasted that happy Exemption,
 For that, once faded, is past all Redemption.

SONG 135. *When mighty Sol, &c.*

WHEN mighty Sol, at Noon of Day,
 With sultry Beams began to play,
 I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade,
 Seeking the most obliging Shade,
 Where on an easy Moss reclin'd,
 I Cloe sleeping chanc'd to find.

The Trees ambitious, seem'd to be
 With meeting Arms her Canopy,

A Brook hard by did softly creep,
 As if it fear'd to break her Sleep,
 Whose Streams transparent, smooth and clear,
 Of her chaste Mind the Emblems were.

A Sight so charming that the Sun,
 Might stop a while to gaze upon,
 Down by the Nymph my self I lay'd,
 And did at length my self persuade,
 To steal a Kiss, and win the Gloves,
 And who my Boldness disapproves.

SONG 136. *The Faithful Shepherd.*

WHAT have I done, ye Pow'rs above,
 To merit thus your Hate :
 Why will you force me from the Plains,
 To live in odious State
 Forgive me, Courtiers, if I slight
 Your splendid Joys, and You,
 For had you seen my Cloe's Charms,
 You had been Shepherds too.

Oh ! she's the loveliest, sprightliest Lass,
 That ever danc'd the Plain :
 She is the Envy of each Nymph,
 The Love of ev'ry Swain,
 My Cloe's known above the rest,
 Tho' clad alike in Green,
 As is among the Hunters Train,
 The Goddess by her Mein.

Do not my Flocks, oh Charmer say,
 For their lost Master grieve :
 And does the Brook, now I'm away,
 Its wonted Musick give,
 Say, does the well known Oak remain,
 Still faithful to my Flame,
 And on its wounded Bark preserve,
 My oft-sung Cloe's Name.

Perhaps e'er now beneath it's Shade,
 You sadly pensive lye,
 And thinking on your Colin's Fate,
 You drop at least a Sigh.
 Or silently to vent your Grief,
 You to that Grove repair,
 Where I, you know, one Ev'ning made
 A Garland for your Hair.

Or else perhaps my Cloe roves,
 Some Rival by her Side,
 And laughing tells of our past Loves,
 To feed his wanton Pride.
 Oh ! no forgive me such a Thought,
 For Nature ne'er design'd,
 That such a lovely Form should match
 With an inconstant Mind.

Methinks I hear you say since you
 My Constancy approve,
 Why leave you not the noisy Court
 For Innocence and Love ?
 Yes, Chloe yes, if ever I
 My Liberty regain,
 I'll leave the Court with all it's Noise,
 And take the Crook again.

SONG 137. *Come live with, &c.*

COME live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the Pleasure prove,
 That Hills and Vallies, Groves and Fields,
 And all the craggy Mountains yield,
 There will we sit upon the Rocks,
 And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
 By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls
 Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make a Bed of Roses,
 With a thousand fragrant Posies,

A Cag of Flowers and a Girdle
 Surrounded all with Leaves of Myrtle,
 A Gown made of the finest Wool,
 Which from our pretty Flocks we pull,
 And fair lin'd Slippers for the Cold,
 Adorn'd with Needlework of Gold.

A Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,
 With Coral Clasps and Amber Studs,
 And if these Pleasures thee may move
 Come live with me and be my Love,
 The Nymphs and Swains shall dance and sing
 For thy Delight each May Morning,
 And if these Things thy Mind approve,
 Then live with me and be my Love.

SONG 138. *A Swain of Love, &c.*

A Swain of Love despairing,
 Thus wail'd his cruel Fate,
 His Grief the Shepherds sharing,
 In Circles round him sat:
 The Nymphs in kind Compassion
 The luckless Lover mourn'd,
 And all who heard the Passion,
 A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends your Complaints give over,
 Your kind Concern forbear,
 Shou'd Chloe but discover,
 For me, you shed a Tear;
 Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,
 Your Friendship soon subdue,
 Too late you'd ask Forgiveness,
 And for her Mercy sue.

Her Charms such Force discover,
 Resistance is in vain,
 Spight of yourself you'll love her,
 And hug the galling Chain:
 Her Wit the Flame encreases,
 And rivets fast the Dart,

She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But oh ! one more deserving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breast ;
Her Heart for him preserving,
She's cold to all the rest :
Their Love with Joy abounding,
The Thought distracts my Brain,
O cruel Maid ! then swooning,
He fell upon the Plain.

SONG 139. *Waft me, &c.*

WAFT me some soft and cooling Breeze,
To Windsor's shady kind Retreat,
Where Silvan Scenes, wide spreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog Star's Heat :
Where tufted Grass and mossy Beds,
Afford a rural calm Repose,
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays :
His grassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays,
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty swell,
Where e'er his purer Stream is seen
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me, thy clear, thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arms, once more divide :
In thee my glowing Bosom lave
And stem thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd,
Beneath some Oziers dusky Shade,
Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly dress'd,
 Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 Oh haste away fair Maid and bring,
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love ;
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG 140. *Tell me, &c.*

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd ;
 That Chloe's false and common :
 By Heav'n I all along believ'd
 She was a very Woman.
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
 She still was constant when press'd,
 She cou'd do more for no Man.
 But oh ! her Thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard Thing ;
 Perhaps she fancied you the Man,
 And what care I one Farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind ;
 I take her Body you her Mind
 Who has the better Bargain ?

SONG 141. *The Man who, &c.*

THE Man who in his Breast contains,
 A Heart which no base Act arraigns,
 Enchanting Pleasure's Ground may tread,
 Where Love and youthfull Fancy lead,
 May toy and laugh may dance and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

When Cynics rail and Pedants frown,
 Their rigid Maxims I disown,
 I smile to see their angry Brow,
 And hate the gloomy selfish Crew,
 In their Despair I'll laugh and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

Be mine the social Joys of Life,
 And let good Nature vanquish Strife,
 So Innocence with me reside,
 And Honour reign each Action's Guide,
 I'll toy and laugh and dance and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

Then Phillis come and share those Joys,
 Which no intemp'rate Use destroys,
 While you remain as kind as fair,
 My Heart defies each anxious Care,
 With thee I'll toy and laugh and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

SONG 142. *With Horns, &c.*

WITH Horns and with Hounds I waken the
 And hie to the Woodland hast away, (Day
 I tuck up my Robe and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon;
 I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
 And chace the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks;
 With shooting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky,
 And Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry.

SONG 143. *When forc'd from, &c.*

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What Anguish I feel at my Heart,
 And I thought, but it might not be so,
 She was sorry to see me depart,
 She cast such a languishing View.

My Path I could scarcely discern,
 So sweetly she bad me adieu,
 I thought that she bad me return.

Methinks she might like to retire,
 To the Grove I had labour'd to rear,
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.

Her Voice such a Pleasure conveys,
 So much I her Accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now ere I hast to the Plain,
 Come Shepherd and talk of her Ways,
 I cou'd lay down my Life for the Swain,
 That will sing me a Song in her Praise,
 While he sings may the Maids of the Town,
 Come flocking and listen a while
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

I stole from no Flowrets that grow,
 To paint the dear Charms I approve,
 For what can a Blossom bestow
 So sweet so delightful as Love.

I sing in a rustical Way,
 A Shepherd and one of the Throng,
 Yet Hebe approves of my Lay,
 Go Poets and envy my Song.

SONG 144. Says Damon, &c.

SAYS Damon to Phillis suppose my fond Eyes,
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow,
 Well what if they do, there's no Harm sure she cries,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know,
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask from those Lips a sweet Kiss,
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?
 Lord bless me, said she, what a Question is this,
 I can but deny, &c.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow,
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny, &c.

Come then my dear Love to the Wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon and offer'd to go,

No no, with a Blush, answer'd Phillis for there,
 I could not deny you, you know, you know,
 I could not deny you, you know.

SONG 145. *How Happy, &c.*

HOW happy's the Lover whose Cares are no
 Who bids an adieu to all Sorrow ; (mo.e,
 My Grievs are all hush'd, my Torments are o'er,
 For I shall be happy To-morrow.
 I shall be happy To-morrow.

Each Flow'ret of Spring that enamels the Ground,
 From you ev'ry Charm seems to borrow,
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
 As I with my Daphne To-morrow
 I never am happy but when in your Sight,
 Your Smiles are the Cure of all Sorrow,
 Remember, dear Daphne, your Promise to Night,
 And I shall be happy To-morrow.

SONG 146. *The Lads of the Mill.*

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs
 know the Mill,
 At the Sign of the Horse, at the Foot of the Hill ;
 Where the grave and the gay, the Clown and the
 Without all Distinction promiscuously go. (Beau,) *Where the grave &c.*

Tho' thither a Multitude daily repair,
 'Tis not for the Sake of the Drink, or the Air ;
 But the much greater Part, you may say what you
 Go to see and admire the sweet Lads of the Mill (will) *But the much &c.*

For the Man of this Mill has a Daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a Shape and so winning an Air,
 That once, on the ever-green Bank, as I stood,
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the Flood.
That once &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my Mistake,
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the Look of a Rake ;

While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful Looks of the Lads of the Mill.

While nothing &c.

Sweet Molly, for that is the Name of the Fair,
Is the Joy of each neighbouring Swain, and the Care
Her Glances can Warmth to the aged impart,
And the young are all smitten quite thro' the Heart.

Her Glances &c.

Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets all say,
To enliven that Mass, which he modell'd of Clay,
Had Polly been with him, the Beams of her Eyes
Had sav'd him the Trouble, of robbing the Skys.

Had Polly &c.

Were the Goddesses three for the Apple to vie,
And chuse me their Paris, if Molly stood by
The Prize should be hers, without studying about it,
And the Goddesses might trudge to Heaven without it

The Prize &c.

Hold, says my Friend, tho your Theme is divine,
Give Truce to your Muse, and about with the Wine,
The Bottle is next you, a Bumper then fill,
And we'll all drink a Health to the Lads of the Mill,

The Bottle &c.

Since first I beheld this dear Lads of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet, but, do what I will,
All the Day and all Night, I sigh and think still
I shall dye, if I have not this Lads of the Mill.

All the Day &c.

SONG 147. *In vain I, &c.*

IN vain I try my ev'ry Art,
Nor can I fix a single Heart,

Yet I'm not old or ugly;

Let me consult my faithful Glass,

A Face much worse than this might pass,

Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blest with all those powerful Charms,

The young Palæmon fled these Arms.

That wild unthinking Rover :

Hope filly Maids as soon to bind,
The rolling Stream, the flying Wind
As fix a rambling Lover.

But hamper'd in the Marriage Noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty Riot :
Like Madmen how they rave and stare,
A while they shake their Chains and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SONG 148. *Cupid's Power, &c.*

CUPID's Power I dispise,
Love's a Foe to Liberty,
Coral Lips or sparkling Eyes,
Ne'er shali force a Sigh from me,
Ne'er shall force a Sigh from me.
Beauty's Charms can ne'er invite me,
Nor the Joys of Love delight me,
Beauty's Charms, &c.

SONG 149. *Push about, &c.*

PUSH about the brisk Bowl 'twill enliven the
While thus we sit round on the Grass, (Heart,
The Lover who talks of his Sufferings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.
The Miser who hoards up his ill-gotten Pelf,
Still wishing to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
He deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Beau, who so smart, with his well powder'd
An Angel beholds in the Glass, (Hair,
Who thinks by Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate does roam,
A Cræsus in Wealth to surpass ;
But oft while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home,
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Ass.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea
 With his Forehead well cover'd with Brass,
 Tho' he talks to no Purpose he pockets the Fee,
 There you, my good Friend, are the Ass.

The learned Physician who knows ev'ry Ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this Class,
 The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
 But Death proves the Doctor an Ass.

Then let us Companions be jovial and gay,
 By Turns take our Bottle and Glafs:
 For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

SONG 150. *O lovely Celia, &c.*

O Lovely Celia heavenly Maid,
 Kind, gentle, fair and free,
 In all thy Sex's Charms array'd,
 How few are form'd like thee:
 Thy Image always fills my Mind,
 The Theme of every Song:
 I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,
 But ask not for how long.

The Fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
 Have long been false and true,
 And when the last my Fancy tir'd,
 It wander'd round to You,
 Then while I can, I'll be sincere,
 As Turtles to their Mates,
 This Moment's yours and mine my Dear,
 The next You know is Fate's.

SONG 151: *Ye Youths who, &c.*

YE Youths who the Pleasures of loving disdain,
 Be warn'd by the Fate of this confident Swain
 Confess the soft God and submit to his Sway,
 For sooner or later ye all must obey,
 Ye Youths who, &c.

The chearful the serious all kneel at his Shrine.
And grey-headed Wisdom proclaims him divine,
The chearful, &c.

SONG 152. *Vain is, &c.*

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour,
To resist the fatal Dart,
For Examples move us never.
We must feel to know the Smart,
When the Shepherd swears he's dying.
And our Beauty sets to view,
Vanity, her Aid supplying.
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild deceittul Strain,
Frowning Truth our Sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain ;
Soon too soon the happy Lover,
Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive,
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe.

SONG 153. *Would you taste, &c.*

WOULD you taste the Morning Air,
To yon verdant Fields repair,
Where Cowslips sweet and Violets blue,
With grateful Scents shall welcome you,
Hear, hear the soft and cooling Breeze,
Fanning, thrilling thro' the Trees,
Whilst the Dew besprinkling round,
Cools the thirsty parching Ground.

Hear the Lark now soaring high,
With her Echo fills the Sky.
The charming Nightingale and Thrush,
Are warb'ling Notes on every Bush ;
Haste fair Nymph then haste away,
Taste these Joys without delay,

Prove and proving you will tell,
The Morning Joys do all excel.

SONG 154. Damon and Florella.

D A M O N.

CAST my Love thine Eyes around,
See the sportive Lambkins play,
Nature gayly decks the Ground,
All in Honour of the May.
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

F L O R E L L A.

Damon thou hast found me long
List'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song
Often held me in the Dale,
Take, O Damon while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

D A M O N.

Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Nor the Gardens fairest Flow'rs,
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal Hours,
Can delight thy Damon's Eye,
If Florella is not by.

F L O R E L L A.

Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd
Not the feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
Can delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.

B O T H.

Let us love and let us live,
Like the cheerful Season gay,
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May,

Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

SONG 155. *When Phoebus, &c.*

WHEN Phoebus the Tops of the Hills does
adorn,

How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn,
When the ant'ling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
Erecting his Ears nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain;
But still we pursue, and now come in View
of the glorious Game.

O see how again he rears up his Head,
And winged with Fear he redoubles his Speed,
But ah! 'tis in vain 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his Eyes lose the Huntsmen, his Ears lose
their Cries.

For now his Strength fails him he heavily flies,
And he pants, pants, pants, pants,
'Till with well scented Hounds surrounded he dies.

SONG 156. *Sure Sally is, &c.*

SURE Sally is the loveliest Lass,
That e'er gave Shepherd Glee,
Not May-Day in its Morning Dress,
Is half so fair as she,

Let Poets paint the paphian Queen,
And fancy'd Forms adore,

Ye Bards had ye my Sally seen,
Ye'd think of those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's Hill,
Where Bees their Honey sip,

Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-fraught Lip.

But oh! take heed ye tuneful Swains,
The ripe Temptation shun,

Or else like me ye'll wear the Chains,
Ye'll be like me undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 Then Lark-like hail'd the Dawn,
 More sportive then the Kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn ;
 To every Maid Love's Tale I told,
 And did my Truth aver,
 Yet e'er the parting Kiss was cold,
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where love lorn Shepherds stray,
 There to the Winds my Griefs I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away :
 Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see,
 For Sally's pleas'd with my Complaints
 And laughs at Love and me.

Since then my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have left their fond their fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where ;
 Alas ! my Ewes in vain ye bleat,
 My Lambkins lost — adieu,
 No more we on the Plain shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

SONG 157. *Cupid's Defeat.*

SINCE Co'en's unkind and deny's me the Joy,
 She lavishly squanders on each foolish Boy,
 I'll fly to the Bottle and in the full Bowl,
 I'll drown all the Trifles that ruffle my Soul.

Her Face it is fair, and graceful her Mien,
 Yet Charms in a Bomper more splendid are seen,
 Each Swain who beholds her with Rapture admires,
 But Bacchus shall quench all our wanton Desires.

With one that is honest, good natur'd and free,
 How affable, kind and compliant I'd be : (rules.)
 but when the proud Nymph with such Tyranny
 Her Levee's compos'd of lard Fops and dull Fools.

Now Cupid no more boast an absolute Sway,
'Tis Bacchus disarms you and carries the Day.
Triumphantly crown'd with the ever green Vine,
Where Pleasure and Liberty lovingly twine.

SONG 158. *A Slave to the, &c.*

A Slave to the Fair from my Childhood I've
been,
Before the soft Down had appear'd on my Chin,
And tis from Experience all Matters are known,
I've found them all kind from Clarinda to Joan,
I'll strive to convince you by Dint of the Pen,
That Women love kissing as well as the Men.

Young Chloe was wanton, but Scruples she had,
I woo'd her so closely she yielded egad,
And now you'll be constant she whimper'd and cry'd
I knew what I thought, so I smiling reply'd,
My Dear can you doubt it, and kiss'd her again,
For Women love kissing as well as the Men.

Chast Cœlia devoutly read Lectures to me
And wonder'd what Pleasure in kissing could be,
I prest her to try it, and then speak her Mind,
She made the sweet Proof, and grew instantly kind,
Then answer'd me softly I'll try it again,
All Women love kissing as well as the Men.

That Women are cruel is all a Mistake,
For ev'ry fair Female at Heart is a Rake,
'Tis Conduct ye Lovers the Damsel secures,
Stick close to her Lips she's infallibly yours,
And search through the Sex I'll lay twenty to ten,
All Women love kissing as well as the Men.

SONG 159. *Nannette.*

HASTE my Nannette my lovely Maid,
Haste to the Bow'r thy Love has made,
For thee alone I made the Bow'r,
And spread the Couch with many a Flow'r.

None but myself shall near us come,
 Venus be prais'd my Sheep are dumb,
 Great God of Love take thou my Crook,
 To keep the Wolf from Nannette's Flock.

Guard thou the Sheep to her so dear,
 My own alas are left my Care,
 But of the Wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for Aid,
 For with her Swain my Love shall stay,
 Tho' Wolves thou'd stroll, and Sheep should
 stray.

SONG 160. *To Fair from, &c.*

YE Fair from Man's insidious Love,
 Your tender Hearts defend;
 Left the mistaken Bliss ye prove,
 But Sorrow in the End;
 Thro' Reason scan each artful Man,
 Nor trust your Ear or Eye,
 Young Maids beware, Men Fish ensnare,
 With artificial Fly.

With Looks as fair as Summer Flowers,
 Soft Words like Honey sweet,
 And Tears that fall in gentle Showers,
 Your Pity they'll intreat;
 Mere common Arts to catch your Hearts,
 Each Foible to descry,
 Young Maids beware, &c.

The honest Clown that plows the Land,
 In Love is all a Cheat;
 And Monarchs born to high Command,
 Well know the dear Deceit,
 In Love's sly Tricks and Pollicks,
 A Promise is a Lye;
 Young Maids beware, &c.

Were Clods of Earth all animate,
 Each Blade of Grass a Tongue,

'Twould waste their Moisture to relate,
 The Mischiefs Men have done.
 Then guard your Hearts from Cupid's Darts,
 And all the Sex defy,
 Young Maids beware, Men Fish ensnare,
 With artificial Fly.

SONG 161. *Polly of the Plain:*

LET others sing in loftier Lays,
 The wanton and the vain:
 My artless Muse aspires to praise,
 Dear Polly of the Plain.
 Tho' poor my Skill,
 My Song shall still,
 Be Polly of the Plain.

While Vanity admits her Aid,
 Let meaner Beauties shine:
 Her faithless Glare bedims the Maid,
 Whom Nature stamps divine:
 Her Pow'r to show,
 She sent below,
 Dear Polly of the Plain.

The Face, the Mein, may Charms dispense,
 To kindle fierce Desire:
 But Virtue, Modesty, and Sense,
 Must gen'rous Love inspire:
 'Tis these that move,
 My Soul to love
 Dear Polly of the Plain.

How sweetly looks the Silver Ray,
 That cheers the Noon of Night!
 But when great Phœbus gives the Day,
 What Pow'r has Cynthia's Light?
 Thus all the Fair,
 Eclips'd appear,
 By Polly of the Plain.

Tho' blest the Youth, within whose Mind,
 A happy Passion reigns,
 Yet happiest he of all Mankind,
 Who Polly's Heart obtains,
 And in his Arms,
 Enjoys the Charms,
 Of Polly of the Plain.

SONG 162. *As t'other Day, &c.*

AS t'other Day, o'er the green Meadow I pass'd
 A Swain overtook me, and held my Hand fast
 Then cry'd, my dear Lucy, thou Cause of my Care,
 How long must thy faithful young Thirsis despair,
 To crown my soft Wishes, no longer be shy,
 But frowning I answer'd, Oh I fye Shepherd fye.

He told me his Passion, like Time should endure,
 That Beauty which kindled his Flame, wou'd secure,
 That all my sweet Charms were for Pleasure design'd
 And Youth was the Season, to love and be kind:
 Lord, what cou'd I say? I cou'd hardly deny,
 But faintly I utter'd, Oh I fye Shepherd fye.

He swore with a Kiss that he wou'd not refrain,
 I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again,
 My Conduct, ye Fair ones, in Question ne'er call,
 Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all:
 Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
 Now guess if I still said, Oh I fye Shepherd fye.

SONG 163. *My Grandmother's Cot.*

WHEN I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot,
 What a happy young Damsel was I!
 Each Day we'd the Spit or the Pot,
 With Plenty of Pudding and Pye,
 I'd a Horse that cou'd amble and trot,
 And good Neighbours to visit hard by,
 Ye: I wanted — I cou'd not tell what,
 And I sigh'd, — but I cou'd not tell why.

My Daddy, he bought me a Knot,
 With a Fan, and a new-fashion'd Fly,
 A Pair of silk Shoes too I got,
 To wear when the Weather was dry,
 Yet to pine all the Day was my Lot,
 And in Bed ever restless to lye.
 For I wanted — I cou'd not tell what,
 And I figh'd — but I cou'd not tell why.
 For Counsel I car'd not a Jot,
 Resolv'd some new Project to try,
 And I thought I shou'd die on the Spot,
 If a pretty young Fellow pass'd by :
 At last a brisk Husband I got,
 'Twas the Man I had long in my Eye,
 He gave me — I must not tell what,
 And I lov'd him, — but need not tell why.

SONG 164. *How giddy is Youth, &c.*

HOW giddy is Youth, yet above all Advice,
 You counsel, and counsel in Vain,
 I've try'd what is Wedlock, and like it so well,
 That I'll never be marry'd again.
 I'll never be marry'd again.

The Spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and young,
 And sweet as the Flow'rs on the Plain,
 She was, as they tell me ; perhaps it might be,
 But I'll never be marry'd again, &c.

I saw the poor Creature, laid deep in the Grave,
 My Tears they came pouring like Rain,
 But as Sunshine you know will foul Weather succeed
 I quickly recover'd again, &c.

Like the Castles of Fairys it seems to the Sight,
 And Fancy indulges the Rein,
 But alas when you try it 'tis all a mere Cheat,
 And the same dull Tale over again,
 And the same dull Tale over again.

SONG 165 *Forgive ye fair, &c.*

FORGIVE ye fair nor take it wrong,
If ought too much I do,

Permit me while I give my Song,
To give a Lesson too,

To give a Lesson too.

Let Modesty, that Heav'n-born Maid,
Your Words and Actions grace,

'Tis this, and only this can add,
New Lustre to your Face.

New Lustre to your Face.

'Tis this which paints the Virgin's Cheeks,
Beyond the Pow'r of Art,

And every real Blush bespeaks
The Goodness of the Heart,

The Goodness &c.

This Index of the virtuous Mind,
Your Lovers will adore,

'Tis this will leave a Charm behind,
When Bloom can charm no more,

When Bloom, &c.

Inspir'd by this, to idle Men
With nice Reserve behave,

And learn by Distance to maintain,
The Pow'r your Beauty gave,

The Pow'r, &c.

For this, when Beauty must decay,
Your Empire will protect,

The wanton pleases for a Day,
But ne'er creates Respect,

But ne'er, &c.

With this, their silly Jests reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude,

Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
Who ventures to be rude,

Who ventures, &c.

Your Charms when cheap will ever pall,
 They fully with a Touch,
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

You often, &c.

But patient let each virtuous Pair,
 Expect the gen'rous Youth,
 Whom Heav'n has doom'd her Heart to share,
 And bless'd with Love and Truth,
And bless'd, &c.

For him alone preserve her Hand,
 And wait the happy Day,
 When he with Justice can command,
 And she with Joy obey,
And she with Joy obey,

SONG 166. *Damon and Pastora.*

D A M O N.

CONTENTED ail Day I will sit at your Side,
 Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
 cool Tide,
 And while the clear River runs purling along,
 The Thrush and the Linnnet contend in their Song.

P A S T O R A.

While You are but by me no Danger I fear,
 Ye Lambs rest in Safety your Shepherd is near,
 Bound on ye blyth Kids now your Gambols may
 please,
 For my Shepherd is kind and my Heart is at Ease.

D A M O N.

Ye Virgins of Britain, bright Rivals of Day,
 The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay
 Ne'er yield to the Swain, till he makes you a Wife,
 For He who loves truly will take You for Life.

P A S T O R A.

Ye Youths who fear nought but the Frowns of the
 'Tis yours to relieve not to add to their Care, (Fair,

Then scorn to their Ruin, Assistance to lend,
Nor betray the dear Creatures y^e u^e born to defend.

B O I H.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd
Nor false to his Vows, one young Shepherd be
found,

Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
To preserve in their Age, what they gain'd in their
Youth.

SONG 167. *Shou'd Fate, &c.*

SHou'd Fate in some kind Hour decree,
To Crown this once my Wish and me,
Nor Pow'r, nor State wou'd make me blest,
Nor Wealth wou'd come a welcome Guest :
O Love, I bend before thy Shrine,
Let, let thy Joys alone be mine,

Love bids the circling Year go round,
With blissful Ease, and Plenty crown'd,
'Tis Love bestows the Pow'r to taste
The present Moment, and the past,
And still let Fortune smile and frown,
Life's cordial Drop is Love alone.

Then gild ye Pow'rs, with Beauty's Ray,
My rising Morn and setting Day,
While round her Neck my Arms I twine,
Let Delia's Bosom beat to mine :
With these Delights but make me blest,
On those you hate bestow the rest.

SONG 168. *So sweet, &c.*

SO sweet was young Damon, so gentle his Look,
New Pleasure my Fancy insensibly took,
New Pleasure, &c.

His Voice too like Music, oft dwelt in my Ear,
But little I thought any Danger was near,
But little I thought any Danger was near.

He press'd my Hand hard but it gave me no Pain,
He kiss'd, and I sigh'd, till he kiss'd me again,
He kiss'd, &c.

Such balmy sweet Touches, what Maiden could fear,
I never once dreamt any Danger was near,
I never &c.

His Hands on my Bosom he'd carelessly lay,
And swear all the while he meant nothing but Play,
And swear, &c.

So I let him play on till no more I could bear,
Till then I ne'er dreamt any Danger was near.
Till then, &c.

Such toying and playing so stole on my Heart,
I found in his Transports my Bosom took Part,
I found, &c.

Beware then ye Virgins if Damon appear,
For Prudence comes late when your Danger's so near.
For Prudence, &c.

SONG 169. *Believe not, &c.*

Believe not Youth, with Wit or Sense,
To gain the Heart of Woman,
While they to ev'ry Pop dispense,
Kind Words and Looks in common;
Tho' Fanny's fair, she's false as Air,
True Merit ne'er can win her,
To all but me, too kind, too free,
I think the Devil's in her.

I calmly did her Foibles shew,
Still urg'd with soft Perswasion,
In vain I talk'd, nought but a Beau
Engross'd her Inclination:
My old Advice I did repeat,
Consult the Heart within her,
She turn'd to chat of this and that,
I think the Devil's in her.

Perplex'd and vex'd, new Schemes I try'd;
 And in the Task succeeded,
 Rigg'd out in all a Coxcomb's Pride,
 My Passion warmly pleaded:
 Ye Gods! how fond I how far beyond
 My Wish or Expectation,
 So mean a Taste, her Sex disgrac'd,
 The Slave of fickle Fashion.

SONG 170. *Haste Lorenzo, &c.*

HASTE Lorenzo hither fly,
 To my longing Arms repair,
 With Impatience I shall die,
 Come and sooth thy Jilly's Care:
 Let me then in wanton Play,
 Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

SONG 171. *Gentle Youth, &c.*

GENTLE Youth, ah! why this pressing?
 Why these Sighs, fond Shepherd, why?
 Should I yield you aught the Blessing,
 Should I follow you would fly,
 If denying,
 Or complying,
 Still we meet Reproach from you,
 What can we poor Women do,
 Better far each, With to, another,
 Than to Love wou'd lead astray:
 If by pleading for another,
 We poor Maids, ourselves betray:
 Ever changing,
 Roving, ranging,
 If you're cold when we pursue,
 What can we poor Women do,
 Oft we credit, to our ruin,
 Tender Vows, and broken Sighs:
 Since by kneeling thus, and suing,
 Oft our Slaves our Tyrants rise:

Pity swaying,
 Love obeying,
 When you swear you'll still be true,
 What can we poor Women do.
 Prithee then, dear Youth, give over,
 Lest too fondly I submit:
 Shou'd the bold persisting Lover,
 On the lucky Minute hit,
 When releasing,
 And consenting,
 In our Turn we languish too,
 What can we poor Women do.

SONG 173. On Pleasure's &c.

ON Pleasure's smooth Wings, how old Time
 steals away,
 Ere Love's fatal Flame, leads the Shepherd astray:
 My Days, O ye Swains, were a Round of Delight,
 From the cool of the Morn; to the stillness of Night,
 No Care found a Place in my Cottage or Bed,
 But Health and Content all the Year was my Guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my Heart cou'd ensnare
 With Voice, or with Feature, with Dress, or
 with Air,
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the Dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I mist'd of the smart
 I toy'd for a while then I rov'd like the Bee,
 But still all my Song was I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry Object fresh Raptures did yield,
 If I stray'd thro' the Garden or travers'd the Field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,
 If the Nightingale sung I cou'd listen all Night,
 With my Reed I cou'd pipe to the Tune of the
 Stream.

And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.

L

But now since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas! what a Change? and how wretched am I,
 Adieu to the Charms of the Valley and Glade,
 Their Sweets now all sicken, their Colours all fade,
 No Musick I find in soft Philomel's Strain, (vain.)
 And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in

They say that she's kind, but no Kindness I see,
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me,
 Then teach me, bright Venus, Persuasion's lost Art,
 Or aid me by Reason to ransom my Heart,
 To crown my Desire, or to banish my Pain,
 Give Love to the Nymph, or give Fate to the Swain.

SONG 173. *In Cupid's, &c.*

IN Cupid's fam'd School wou'd yet take a Degree,
 Young Maids, you must learn a short Lesson
 From me,
 Scarce blows on your Cheek the fair Rose of fifteen,
 Ere Love the false Traitor, attacks you unseen,
 To ruin, and please, ev'ry Method he tries,
 A Friend in Pretence, but a Foe in Disguise.

Does your Fancy incline to Wealth, Title, or Dress?
 Does your Pulse beat to Pleasure, or sink at Distress,
 To your Humour and Taste still he varies his Art,
 And steals through your Eyes, and your Ears to
 your Heart.

Beware then and learn, from the fair-ones of old,
 To harden like Trees, and like Rivers grow cold.

From the formal grave Duncce, who goes mop-
 ing Day, (to say,)

From the Pop who still prates but has nothing
 From the Soldier so fierce, just arriv'd from the Wars
 Whole Tongue runs on Battles, on Dangers, and
 Scars: (betray'd.)

From the Rake, who insults the poor Nymph he
 From all these, kind Cupid deliver each Maid.

But find out the Lover whose Passion can tend
 To the Bliss of your Life, from Beginning to End,
 If the Stamp of true Merit, and Honour he wears,
 Away Girls away with your Doubts and your Fears,
 Think why you were made, and resolve to be kind,
 For the Blessings you'll give, and the Blessings
 you'll find.

SONG 174. *Hark! how, &c.*

HARK! how the Cries in every Street,
 Make Lanes and Alleys ring;
 With their Goods and Ware both nice and rare,
 All in a pleasant Strain:
 Come buy my Gudgeons fine and new,
 Old Cloaths to change for Earthen-ware.
 Come taste and try, before you buy,
 Here's dainty Pop in Pears,
 Diddle diddle, diddle Dampkins ho!
 With Walnuts nice and brown,
 Let none despise the merry merry Cries,
 Of famous London Town.

Any old Clothes, Suits or Coats,
 Come buy my singing Birds,
 Oranges or Lemons, Newcastle Salmon,
 Come buy my Ropes of Onions, ho!
 Come buy my Sand, fine silver Sand,
 Two Bunches a Penny, Turnips, ho!
 I'll change you Pins for Coney Skins,
 Maids do you want any Mills below?
 Here's an Express from Admiral Warren,
 That Admiral of Renown.
 Let none despise, &c.

Maids have ye any Kitchen Rust?
 Will you buy any fine Artichoaks?
 Come buy my Brooms, to sweep your Rooms,
 Will you buy my white-heart Cabbages, ho!

Come buy my Nuts, my fine small Nuts,
 Two Cans a Penny, crack, and try,
 Here's Cherries round and very sound,
 Maids shall I sweep your Chimnies high?
 Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the Tinker's Pan,
 With a merry cheerful Sound.

Let none despise, &c.

Here's fine Herrings eight a Groat,
 Hot Codlin Pies, and Tarts,
 New Mackrel I have to sell,
 Come buy my Well fleet Oysters, ho!
 Come buy my Whittings fine and new,
 Wives shall I mend your Husbands Horns:
 I'll grind your Knives to please your Wives,
 And very nicely cut your Corns,
 Maids, have ye any Hair to sell,
 Either flaxen, black, or brown,

Let none despise, &c.

Work for a Cooper, Maids give Ear,
 I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails,
 Come Nell and Sue, and buy my Blue,
 Maids, have you any Chairs to sell?
 Here's hot spiced Ginger-bread, of the best,
 Come taste and try, before you buy.
 Here's Elder-buds to purge your Bloods,
 But black your Shoes is all the Cry.
 Here's hot Rice Milk and Barley Broth,
 Plumb pudding a Groat a Pound,

Let none despise the merry merry Cries,
 Of famous London Town.

SONG 175. *Bid me, &c.*

BID me to live, and I will live,
 Thy constant Swain to be,
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving Heart to thee:
 A Heart as soft, a Heart as kind,
 A Heart as sound and free,

As in the whole World thou canst find,
 That Heart I'll give to thee;
 Bid that Heart stay, and it will stay
 To honour thy Decree:
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 All this 'twill do for thee
 Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have Eyes to see,
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A Heart, to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Beneath yon Cypress Tree,
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death itself for thee;
 Thou art my Life, my Love, my Heart,
 The very Eyes of me:
 And hast command in ev'ry Part,
 To live and die for thee.

SONG 176. *From beneath, &c.*

From beneath a cool Shade, by the Side of a
 Stream,
 Thus writes thy *Philander*, and thou art his Theme
 Thy Beauties inspiring, my dearest, I'll show
 There's nothing in Nature so bounteous as you;
 Tho' Distance divides us, thy Beauties I see,
 Those Beauties so lov'd and admired by me.
 'Tis hard to suppress the fond Raptures you move.
 Ye Gods ye've made nothing so fair as my Love,
 Ye Gods ye've, &c.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond Arms,
 And whilst I thus gaze on thy numerous Charms,
 The beautiful Objects which round me do lie,
 Grow sick at thy Presence, with Envy, and die.

L. 3. wash'd, and in wash A
can't be wash'd as wash A

Now *Flora*, the Meadows and Groves does adorn,
 With Flowers and Blossoms on every Thorn;
 But look on my *Lilly*, there sweetly does blow,
 A Spring of more Beauties than *Flora* can show,
A Spring of more, &c.

See, see how that Rose that adorns the gay Bush,
 And proud of its Colour, would vie with her Blush;
 Vain Boaster, thy Beauty shall quickly decay,
 She blushes—and see how it withers away!
 Observe that fair Lilly, the pride of the Vale,
 In Whiteness unrival'd, now droops and looks pale
 It sickens, and changes its beautiful Hue,
 And bows down its Head in Submission to you,
And bows down, &c.

As I gaze on the River that smoothly glides by,
 Thus even and sweet is her Temper I cry,
 Thus clear is her Mind, thus calm and serene,
 And Virtue, like Gems, at the Bottom are seen,
 Return, O return, thou fair Spring of Delight,
 Enliven the Day, and give Joy to the Night;
 Thy Presence alone can my Anguish remove,
 I sicken, I faint for the Sight of my Love,
I sicken I faint, &c.

SONG 177. *Sweet Annie.*

Sweet Annie! 'twas the Sea Beech came,
 Where Jockey speel'd the Vessel's Side;
 Ah! who can keep her Heart at Home,
 While Jockey's toils'd aboon the Tide:
 For oft to distant Realms, he gangs,
 But I'll be true, as he has been;
 And when each Lads around him thrangs,
 He'll think of Annie's faithful Eyen.
 Our wealthy Laird I met yestreen,
 With Goud in Hand he tempted me;
 He prais'd my Brows and rowan Eyen,
 And made a Brag of what he'd gie.

But tho' my *Jockey's* far away,
 Toss'd up and down upon the Main,
 I'll keep my Heart another Day,
 Since *Jockey* may return again.
 Blow gently Winds round *Jacker's* Head,
 And guard, (ye Waves be calm and still,)
 His homeward Sails with Breezes spread,
 And do not all my Pleasure spill;
 Tho' long or short may be his Stay,
 O then he'll in bright Silver shine.
 I'll keep my Heart another Day,
 Since *Jockey* may again be mine.

SONG 178. *Kind God, &c.*

KIND God of Sleep, since it must be,
 That we resign some Hours to thee;
 Invade me not, when the full Bowl
 Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul.
 Then only I thy Aid implore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more,
 Short ver'y short be then thy Reign,
 I haste to laugh and drink again.

But oh! if melting in my Arms,
 The Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms;
 In pleasing Dreams should me surprise,
 And grant what waking she denies,
 Then prithee gentle Slumber stay,
 And slow and slowly bring the Day;
 If Fancy can such Bliss bestow,
 Who would not be deluded so.

SONG 179. *It is not that, &c.*

IT is not that I love you less,
 Than when before your Feet I lay;
 But to prevent the sad Increase,
 Of hopeless Love I keep away,
Of hopeless Love, &c.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew,
And makes my, &c.

Who, in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those Shafts to thun,
Which *Phœbus* thro' his Veins has shot,
Which *Phœbus*, &c.

Too late he would the Pain assuage,
And to thick Shadows does retire;
About him still he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire,
And in his tainted, &c.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd Servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The Vow I made—to love you too,
The Vow I made, &c.

SONG 180. Says *Phelim*, &c.

SAYS *Phelim* in Ireland no longer I'll stay,
I've got so much Money my Debts I can't pay,
I will go to England, and pass for a Lord,
A Bag Wig by my Side, on my Head a long Sword,
Sing Balligamone a mara, an English Lady for me.

As I travel along the People will stare,
At my Coach and six Horses drawn by an old Mare,
I won't sleep on the Road nor make no Delays,
But lest I be weary, I'll be going ten Days.

And when I arrive safe at London by Sea,
I'll lodge at St. James's, or else at Bear Key.
I'll fence at Assemblies, play at Cards at a Ball,
And court some rich Heirels worth nothing at all.

Each Day I will walk all round cross the Park,
 Each Moon shiny Night at Noon when 'tis dark,
 With my Coat laced over, the Beaux to alarm,
 With my Hat in my Hand to keep my Wig warm.

Each Night at the Play in the Box I will shine,
 And tell some rich Widow, she is more divine
 Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the Goddess of May,
 And with my fine Speeches her Heart I'll betray.

I'll drink her good Health when I dine ev'ry Morn-
 And give her a fine Silver Cup made of Horn,
 I'll make Verses on her in Prose and in Rhime,
 And send her two Letters by the Post at one Time.

Each Night at her Toilet, when she rises from Bed-
 When she combs her Hands, and washes her Head-
 With my Eyes very modest I'll stare in her Face,
 And tell her for Love my Guts burn and blaze.

I'll persuade her to wed me in a Day or two more
 Next Morning betimes, at Noon, about four,
 To Church I will carry my beautiful Bride,
 On a Pillion, before me, close by my left Side.

And when we are marry'd, the Drums shall ring
 The Bells shall beat, and the Fiddlers sing,
 To Dublin I'll carry my Charmer strait way.
 In the Midst of Winter, when they're making Hay:

My Aunt Mackahone I'll invite to the Feast,
 Where Potatoes, and Mutton for Sauce, shall be dress'd
 Arrack Punch made of Whiskey in Bumpers shall
 And all my Relations shall come to the Show. (How,)

SONG 181. A Dialogue, *between a Gypsie Boy, and a Girl.*

He. **A**LL the Blessings of Mankind fall on thee,
 sweet Miss, (black Phiz.)
 Shall I tell thee good Fortune? (She) I hate your
 Whate'er you pretend, I am sure you can see,
 By the Lines of my Hand, no good Fortune for me.
 Whate'er you pretend, &c.

(*He*) No no Child, I know, by the Rules of my Art
Thou bear'st thy good Fortune in some other Part,
You've a Mole and a Dimple, (*She*) I pray in what
Place? (*Face*)

(*He*) Why then to be plain—I mean not in your
You've a Mole &c.

Nay more, you're in Love Child. (*She*) How does
that appear? (*Here.*)

'Tis not with a Man. (*He*) Yes with ev'ry Man
At one Look, I can see, both within and without thee,
Discover thy Thoughts, and all Things about thee.
At one Look &c.

Thy Shoes they are Turkey, thy Stockings are blue,
Thy Garters are red, (*She*) by this Light he says true.

(*He*) And now I am in, by my Skill will be shown,
Who gave you the Ribbon, to garter it on.

And now I am in, &c.

(*She*) Sweet Gypsie forbear, (*He*) It all comes out
Mils, (*with a Kiss.*)

(*She*) Hold thy Tongue, or I'll strike thee quite dumb

(*He*) Nay since you provoke me, if I had a Mind,
I cou'd tell you, to whom too you lately was kind.

Nay since you provoke me, &c.

Who rumpl'd, who tumbled, who cours'd you about,
Put his Hand in your Neck and made you squall out,
I know all, as well as if I had seen you.

When he caught you, (*She*) ah I hold, I think the
Devil's in you,

Devil's in you, &c.

SONG 182. *It is not, &c.*

IT is not Beauty I require,

Nor yet no winning Graces!

Cloe has what I desire,

Without the Tricks of Faces,

If that our Minds do but agree,

Ye Gods! it is enough for me.

Fruition only is a Joy,

That does a Moment last.

Fruit that soon will quickly cloy,

And surfeit with its Taste.

Unless two Lovers share one Mind,

O Love & no Bliss in thee we find.

SONG 183. *That Jenny's &c.*

THAT Jenny's my Friend, my Delight and
my Pride,

I always have boasted and seek not to hide,

I dwell on her Praises where ever I go,

They say I am in Love but I answer No No

At Evening oft times with what Pleasure I see,

A Note from her Hand, I'll be with you at Tea,

My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below,

But say not its Love for I answer No, No.

She sings me a Song and I Echo it's Strain,

Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again.

I kiss her sweet Lips as if here I could grow,

But say not its Love for I answer No, No,

She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knee,

I chide her and swear she's an Angel to me,

My Shoulder she taps and still bids me think so,

Who knows but she loves tho she answers No, no.

From Beauty and Wit and good Humour how I,

Shou'd Prudence advise and compel me to fly,

Thy Bouny O Fortune make haste to bestow,

And let me deserve her or still I'll say No,

SONG 184. *Daughter sweet &c.*

DAUGHTER sweet of Voice and Air,

Gentle Echo haste thee here,

From the Vale where all around,

Rocks to Rocks return the Sound,

From the swelling Surge that roars,

'Gainst the Tempest beaten Shores,

From the silent Moss-grown Cell,
Haunt of warbling Philomel,
Where unseen of Man you lie,
Queen of Woodland Harmony,
Daughter sweet of Voice and Air,
Gentle Echo, gentle Echo haste thee here.

Listen Nymph divine and learn,
Strains to make Narcissus burn.
Hark! the Heavenly Song begins,
Air be still, breath soft ye Winds;
Peace ye noisy feather'd Choir,
While Dione strikes the Lyre;
See each Eye, each raptur'd Ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear;
All around Enchantment reigns,
Such the Magick of her Strains,
Strains, which if thou canst but learn,
Soon will make Narcissus burn.

Echo, shou'd they fail to move,
His obdurate Heart to Love;
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting Air:
Learn her Ease, and Elegance
Of Motion, in the airy Dance.
Learn the Grace with which she strays,
Thro' the light fantastic Maze;
Add a Thousand Charms untold,
Shou'd Narcissus still be cold:
Charms, the least of which must move,
His obdurate Heart to Love,

SONG 185. At St. Olyth, &c.

AT St. Olyth by the Mill,
There lives a lovely Lass,
Oh! had I her good will,
How gaily Life would pass,
No bold intruding Care,
My Bliss should e'er destroy,

Her Smiles would gild Despair,
And brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,

Her artless Beauties charm,

Like them, with Joy serene,

Our wishing Hearts they warm,

Her Wit with Sweetness crown'd,

Steals every Sense away :

The list'ning Swains around,

Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth and Ease,

Without her tasteless are,

She gives them Power to please,

And makes them worth our Care,

Is there, ye Fates a Bliss,

Reserv'd my future Share,

Indulgent hear my Wish,

And grant it all in her,

SONG 186. *Cupid the Etc.*

Cupid the blytheft Rogue alive,

One Day was pluck'd from a Hive,

But as with too much eager Haste,

He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,

A Bee surpriz'd the needle's Boy,

And robb'd him of th' expected Joy,

A Bee &c.

Soon as the Urchin felt the Smart

Of the venom'd poison'd Dart,

He kick'd, he flung, he spurr'd the ground,

He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound,

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain,

His Madness but increas'd the Pain.

Strait to his Mother's Arms he flies,

With swelled Cheeks and blubber'd Eyes

Cry'd she, what does my Cupid ail?
 He fobb'd, and told his mournful Tale,
 A little Bird they call a Bee,
 With yellow Wings has murder'd me.

And are you not, reply'd his Mother,
 For all the World just such another?
 When e'er you aim a pois'nous Dart,
 Against some poor unguarded Heart,
 How little is the Archer found,
 And yet how deep his Arrows wound.

SONG 187. *The indifferent Swain.*

Shall I, wasting with Despair,
 Die because a Woman's fair?
 Shall my Cheeks grow pale with Care,
 Because another's rosier?
 Be she fairer than the Day,
 Or the flow'ry Meads in May,
 If she thinks not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a Woman's Goodness move,
 Me to perish for her Love?
 Or her worthy Merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with her Goodness blest,
 As may make Merit seem the less;
 If she be not good to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she loves me, this believe,
 I will die, e'er she shall grieve;
 If she flights me when I woo,
 I will scorn and let her go;
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

SONG 188. *Altamont's Lamentation for Flora.*

HO W hard to me does Fortune prove?
 Thus to destroy my Rest,
 And drive me from the Fair I love,
 When with her I was blest:
 I ne'er did Silver heed, or Gold,
 My Mind on Flora lay;
 She too return'd it triple-fold,
 But now I'm forc'd away,
 O my Fate! my cruel, cruel Fate,
 To rob me of such Charms;
 Grant me, ye Gods, ere it's too late,
 A Passport to her Arms.

Had I my Will of Destiny,
 Or could my Form but change,
 My Dwelling should with Flora be,
 From her I'd never range.
 The virtuous Nymph would ease my Care,
 And give all Joy beside,
 That Hope's eclips'd, now nought but Fear
 And Sorrow are my Guide,
 O my Fate, &c.

Hail, all ye ruling Powers, hail!
 A wretched Swain pray hear,
 Since adverse Fate has turn'd the Scale,
 And forc'd me from my Dear;
 Let her retain in Mind, I ask,
 What she did once repeat;
 If that's for her too hard a Task,
 My Woes are then compleat,
 O my Fate, &c.

SONG 189. *Shun not &c.*

SHUN not Cælia Love's soft Pleasure,
 'Cause it will not always last,
 M 2

Thus the Miser, left his Treasure
E'er should end, dares never taste.

Beauty's but a fading Flower,
Would you therefore Love refuse,
Or because there's one last Hour,
Would you all the other loose.

Wisely seize the present Blessing,
What tho' soon that Blessing ends,
Oft repeated Joys possessing,
Bid the Number make amends,

SONG. 190. *Pitty Patty.*

ONE Morn e'er sweet Peggy
Arose from her Bed,
I stole to the Chamber
Where lay the sweet Maid;
And op'ning the Curtain,
Such Joy fill'd my Eye,
That my Heart play'd a Tune
That went Pitty Patty.

But finding she slept
O how great was the Bliss,
When on her sweet Lips
I imprinted a Kiss;
The sight of her Bosom
So fill'd me with Glee,
My Heart play'd a Tune,
That went Pitty Patty.

Grown bold with Success
I ventur'd to take,
A second Salute, and sweet
Peggy did wake,
Surpriz'd at my Presence,
She blush'd and cry'd fie,
Tho' her Heart play'd a Tune,
That went Pitty Patty,

SONG 191. *You Priggs, &c.*

YOU Priggs who are troubled with Conscience's
Qualms,

That ever are praying and chanting of Psalms,
Come listen a while and I'll sing you a Song,
Shall open your Eyes, you shall see right from wrong

In Claret alone I can place all my hope,
There's more Absolution in this than the Pope,
It's the famous Elixir Salutis of Life,
With this you may scar either Devil or Wife.

Young *Mars* and *Apollo* in spight of the Schools,
And *Jupiter*, all except *Bacchus* were Fools,
It is his noble Spirit enlivens our Clods,
Each Mortal inspires with the Power of the Gods.

Nor *Mars* half so valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
Nor *Phæbus* so wise when the Justice bespoke,
Nor *Jove* half so rampant in all his Amours,
When he thunders away from Claret to Whores.

My Morals are sound, for they lay in a Glass,
Religion and Faith in Bottle and Lase,
The Church is my Tavern, the Vintner the Priest,
And thus I proceed till the Sage is deceas'd.

And when I no longer can revel and roar,
Must part from my Bottle, my Friend, and my
Whore,

Embalm me in Claret, and write on my Shrine,
When living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.

SONG 192. *Long by an Idle, &c.*

LONG by an Idle Passion tost,
My Love undone, my Reason lost,
How many fruitless Tears it cost,
To free me from the Smart,

I rav'd, I sigh'd, but all in vain,
 I cou'd not Liberty regain,
 Or break the little Tyrant's Chain,

Alas how weak my Art.

At length I flew to Pride for Aid,
 But equally by that betray'd,
 To ev'ry Pow'r in vain I pray'd,

For none wou'd Pity show,
 Till Reason to my Breast once more,
 Did all my former Peace restore,
 And brought Content within the Pow'r,
 Of Strephen to restore.

SONG 193. *Possess of &c.*

POSSESS of ev'ry blooming Grace,
 That can adorn the fairest Face,

Thy Arts fond Maid forbear,
 Go view the rural Prospects round,
 Where varied Nature decks the Ground,
 And scents the vernal Air,

The rising Hills the Plains below,
 The Streams by Art untaught to flow,
 That through the Valleys glide.

Please more then all the labour'd Scenes,
 Of level Walks and shapely Greens,
 The regal Garden's Pride.

Then wreath ah I wreath too curious Fair,
 The flowing Ringlets of thy Hair,

With wanton Skill no more,
 No more the liquid Odours shed
 Profusely o'er that comely Head,
 So well adorn'd before.

SONG 194. *Too late &c.*

TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
 I gaz'd and I lov'd and I studied to please,
 I fancy'd your Eyes read the Language of mine,
 And I saw my Love's Image, reflected in thine,

The Flatterer Hope to my Ruin laid on,
And taught me to judge of your Heart by my own,
Self Love to my Wish, was at Hand to perfwade,
That my Love was return'd and my Friendship repaid

But wak'd from my Dream 'tis with Anguish I find
Thy Looks were but civil, when I thought 'em
Her Colours no longer false Fancy will lend, (kind)
To paint the fond Lover, or image the Friend,
But be still foolish Heart, and bear thee to rest,
I'll drive this Tormenter, this Love from my Breast,
I'll break the gay Bubble, my Folly has made,
And punish the Heart self-love has betray'd.

SONG 195. *Farewell aspiring &c.*

Farewell aspiring Thoughts, no more
My Soul shall leave the peaceful Shore,
To sail ambition's Main,
Fallacious as the Harlot's Kiss,
You promise me uncertain Bliss,
And give me certain Pain.

Let others boast their useless Wealth,
Whilst I have Honesty and Health,

Which Riches cannot give,
Let others to Preferment soar,
And changing Liberty for Pow'r,
In golden Shackles live.

Come conscious Virtue fill my Breast,
And bring Content, thy Daughter dress,

In ever-smiling Charms,
Let sacred Friendship too attend,
A Friendship worthy of my Friend,
Such as my Lelius warms.

With these I'll in my Bosom make
A Bullwark, Fortune cannot shake,

Tho' all her Storms arise,
Look down and pity gilded Slaves,
Despise ambition's giddy Knaves,
And wish the Fools were wise.

SONG 196. *While Misers, &c.*

WHILE Misers all Night still are watching
their Stores. (Doors)

And at Day sternly drive the distressed from their
While Courtiers each other subvert in the State,
And obstinate Churchmen new Maxims create,

C H O R U S.

*We are frugally gen'rous nor each other Wrong,
But enjoy us at Night, then conclude with a Song,
But enjoy us at Night, &c.*

Let Sharpers attempt, by false Arts to ensnare,
'Till at length they receive, their long merited Fare,
Let Spend-thrifts consume, 'till too late they repent,
The Loss of their Riches so lavishly spent,

C H O R U S.

*While with honest Industry, we live the Day long,
And enjoy us at Night, then conclude with a Song,
And enjoy us at Night, &c.*

Tho' Drunkards in Claret such Virtue profess,
They'd find it more Sov'reign, were they to drink
Tho' Rakes say in Women is center'd our Bliss (less)
They've Reason sometimes, to regret a close Kiss.

C H O R U S.

*Such diff'rent Extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet Women and Wine, are the Life of our
And yet Women, &c. (Song.)*

Ye Topers and Rakes, wou'd ye lead happy
Lives, (Wives.)
Be moderate in drinking, and chuse modest
Let Churchmen with Churchmen, and Courtiers
be Friends,
For on Friendship all earthly Enjoyment depends.

C H O R U S.

*And when ye're united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial, and end with a Song.
Like us you'll be jovial, &c.*

SONG 197. *Ally Croaker.*

THere lived a Man in Balenocrasy,
 Who wanted a Wife to make him uneasy,
 Long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker,
 And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her,
 Will you marry me dear Ally Croaker?
 Will you marry me, &c.

This artless young Man, just come from the
 Schoolary,

A Novice in Love, and all its Foolary,
 Too dull for a Wit, too grave for a Joaker,
 And thus the gentle Youth, bespoke her,
 Will you marry, &c.

He drank with the Father, he talk'd with the
 Mother, (Brother,)
 He romp'd with the Sister, he gam'd with the
 He gam'd, till he pawn'd his Coat to the Broker,
 Which lost him the Heart, of his dear Ally Croaker
 O the fickle Ally Croaker, &c.

To all ye young Men, who are fond of gaming,
 Who are spending your Money while others are
 Fortune's a Jilt, the De'il may choak her, (saying)
 A Jilt more inconstant, than dear Ally Croaker,
 O the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker,
 O the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.

SONG 198 *Ally Croaker, Burlesqu'd*

THere liv'd a young Mouse in Balnocrasy,
 Who had nought but a Cat, to make him
 Long had he sigh'd for dear Pitty Patty, (uneasy,)
 And said to the Cheesecake, I would I could be at
 But that he fear'd the Puffy Catty, (ye.)
 But that he fear'd the Puffy Catty,

This artless young Mouse, was a Novice at
 Thievery,
 Which caused his Mother a great deal of Grievy,

Thus long have I given you Suck. L——d rat ye,
And now ye must fear the Claws of Pusy Catty,
Oh! the Claws of Pusy Catty, &c.

He peep'd in the Cream-Pot, he needs must the
Cheese try, (Pastry)
He mumbled the Bacon, and travers'd o'er the
He look'd o'er the Pantry, and thought it a fine
Landscape, (Serape)
But little did he think how he was in a d—n'd
O the vigilant Pusy Catty, &c.

One Night in the Chimney as she lay asleeping,
He would nibble the Cheese, without ever peeping,
Up she started and gave him such a Gripe Sir,
As caus'd the young Mouse, to set up his Pipe Sir,
O the cruel Pusy Catty, &c.

To all ye young Ladies who are fond of Kittens,
I beg you'll not handle them, without Gloves or
Mittens,
Grimalkin's a Hell Cat, the De'il may choak her,
And so you've a Song worse, than dear Ally Croaker,
O the stupid Ally Croaker, &c.

SONG 199. Young Dorilas, &c.

YOUNG Dorilas an artless Swain,
And Daphne Pride of western Plain,
Their Flocks together drove.
Their Flocks, &c.
Gay Youth sat blooming on his Face,
She no less shone with ev'ry grace,
Yet neither thought of Love.
Yet neither, &c.

With equal Joy each Morn they meet,
At mid-day seek the same Retreat,
And shelter in one Grove.
At Ev'ning haunt the self same Walk,
Together innocently talk,
But not a Word of Love.

Hence mutual Friendship firmly grew,
Till Heart to Heart spontaneous flew,
Like Bill to Bill of Dove.

Both feel the Flame which both conceal,
Both wish the other won'd reveal,
Yet neither speaks of Love,

She hung with Rapture o'er his Sense,
He doated on her Innocence.

Thus each did each approve.
Each vow'd ; whilst each the Vow observ'd
The Maid was true, the Swain ne'er swerv'd,
Then ev'ry Word was Love.

SONG 200. *Colin's Success.*

TO Woo me, and win me, and kiss, and
all that,

Young Colin tript over the Plain,
He saw me, he blush'd and he play'd with his Hat,

So I bid him return back again,
Ah Phillis, he cry'd, from the Cottage I've stray'd,

In Hopes you'd be kind to your Swain,
Oh grant me a Kiss, you may take it I said,

But pray never attempt it again.

Embolden'd by this, he sat down at my Side.

The Favour so small to obtain :

I know not how 'twas, but he soften'd my Pride,

So I cry'd you may kiss me again.

My Bosom grew warm, and my Heart beat in haste,

While Rapture impow'r'd the fond Swain :

And trust me ye fair—for I held him so fast,

That he cou'd not return back again.

SONG 201. *The Gentle Gales, &c.*

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
And wanton in the shady Grove,

Oh ! whisper to my absent Fair,

My secret Pain and endless Love,

And in the sultry Heat of Day,
 When she does seek some cool Retreat,
 Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
 And scatter Roses at her Feet.

And when she sees their Colours fade,
 And all their Pride neglected lie,
 Let them instruct the charming Maid,
 That Sweets, not timely gather'd, die :
 And when she lays her down to rest,
 Let some auspicious Vision shew,
 Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
 And what for her he'd undergo.

SONG 202. *Stretch'd on the Turf, &c*

SStretch'd on the Turf in sylvan Shades,
 No Fear the Pasant's Rest invades,
 While gilded Roofs, and Beds of State,
 Perplex the Slumbers of the great,
 Secure he rears the beechen Bowl,
 With steady Hand and fearless Soul,
 Pleas'd with his plain and homely Meats
 No Swords surround him as he eats.

His modest Wife of Virtue try'd,
 Knows not th' expensive Arts of Pride,
 Her easy Wish, the home-spun Fleece,
 Plain in it's Nature her can please ;
 And happy in her nuptial Bed,
 No jealous Doubts disturb her Head,
 Abroad for Trinkets does not roam,
 But finds a lasting Joy at Home.

SONG 203. *I Sing of a Damsel, &c.*

I Sing of a Damsel just turn'd of sixteen,
 Who never the World, nor its dangers had seen,
 But just was so wise as to know,
 That when ask'd for Favours she shou'd not bestow,
 'Twas better to answer Heigh Ho !

The Swains in the Village were struck with her
Charms, (A ms.)

Each wish'd her a thousand Times clasp'd in his
Yet none of them durst tell her so,

For tho' she no Anger when courted wou'd show,
Her Answer was always Heigh-Ho!

This Damsel by chance one Day carelessly stray'd,
Where Roger was busy with Pick ax and Spade,
But she did not see him I tro,

For down on the Grass, her lost Limbs she did
throw,

And sigh'd without knowing Heigh-Ho!

The Winds as she slept, with her Beauty made free,
And as the young Delver those Beauties did see,

No Wonder his Bosom did glow,

In such Case as this, he's a Fool that lets go,

A Damsel that answers Heigh-Ho.

She wak'd in a Fright, but too late to prevent,

What now she perceiv'd was his wicked Intent,

For he had surpriz'd her you know,

Yet willing at last some Repentment to show,

She cry'd in a Passion Heigh-Ho!

SONG 204. *O thou for whom &c.*

O Thou for whom my Lyre I sing,

Of whom I think, and speak and sing,

Thou constant Object of my Joys,

Whose Sweetness every With employs,

Thou dearest of thy Sex attend,

And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Whole Years I strove against the Flame,

And suffer'd Ills without a Name,

Yet still the painful Secret kept,

And to my self in Silence wept,

Till grown unable to contend,

I own'd the Lover and the Friend,

N

Curse on all Wealth that can destroy,
 My utmost Hope of earthly Joy,
 Thy Gifts, oh ! Fortune I resign,
 Let her and Poverty be mine,
 And every Year that Life shall lend,
 Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

Vain Thought, tho' Seas between us roll,
 Thy Love is rooted in my Soul,
 The vital Blood that warms my Heart,
 With thy Idea must depart,
 And Death's decisive Stroke must End,
 At once the Lover and the Friend.

SONG 205. *Good People, &c.*

GOOD People attend to my Song and you'll find
 There's nothing but Hum's throughout all
 Human-kind,

Tho' under some Species disguis'd they lye snug,
 But you'll find in the End that the World's a Hum.
 Sing Tantararara Humbug, (bug.)

See the Parson who preaches 'gainst Sin and the
 Yet he'll creep in a Corner his own to refresh, (Flesh
 And when clapt in the Arms of his Cloe so snug,
 He cries out, my dear Soul, how the World is
 Humbug'd.

See the Lawyer so learned sole Judge of our Laws
 Who knows how to handle and help a bad Cause,
 If you speak to him right else 'tis a Nod or a Shrug,
 Which is multum in parvo and that's a Humbug.

See the young mourning Widow who cries and
 takes on,
 Saying what shall I do my poor dear Husband's gone,
 But when Strephon appears so smart and so smug'd,
 She laughs in her Sleeve and he's surely Humbug'd.

See our grand modern Writers and general
 Inspector,
 With the Courage of Pompey and Pen of a Hector,

First Woodward, then Smart, now Newberry he'd
But if you believe him he'll Humbug you all. (maul

See your Female Tale-teller so strange to your
thinking, (ing.)
How she liv'd near a Month without eating or drink.
First robb'd and maltreated, to Rnfield she's log'd,
But what is more true she was only Humbug'd,

See in Britain tho' rare, lo a Proteus is seen,
In ague-cheek'd Fainwel, or Mab fairy Queen,
In Foppington, Marplot, in great or in small,
His Genii prevails and he Humbugs them all.

See your Beaus and your Bloods, who Bruisers
adm re.
But for fighting themselves they by no Means desire,
Talk of Battles and Bruises, Crof-buttocks and
Huggs,
Know 'tis all a meer Cheat and you're the Humbugs.

See the Doctor so grave when to you he does
come, (and cryes Hum)
Takes your Hand, feels your Pulse, sucks his Cane
But if once that you taste of his damnable Drug,
Of your Life and your Money he'll make a Humbug

Now view all the Meetings that are held round
the Town, (found.)
There is none but our own where the Truth can be
If by Puffs or by Cants, to them you are log'd,
Take my Word in the End you'll all be Hum-
bug'd.

See our Betters so wise who have nat'raliz'd Jews,
Have alter'd the Style and put down publick Stews,
But in whoring and gaming still keep themselves
snug,
For which in the End, old Nick will them Humbug.

SONG 206. *Flora, a Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AS in the blooming Spring,
 When Birds were heard to sing,
 And Philomel began her tuneful Lay,
 Flora appear'd new dress'd and gay,
 To taste the Sweets of her own May,
 She bid each springing Flow'r
 It's every Charm disclose,
 And all its wanton Pow'r,
 And thus address'd the blushing Rose.

A I R.

Sweet Flow'r so like to pleasing Love,
 How blest to Mortals must you prove,
How blest to Mortals &c.
 The Maid shall wear your beauteous Hue,
 The Youth shall learn to love from you,
Sweet Flow'r so like, &c.
 So fair and full of Flora's Charms,
 The Rose shall grace the Lover's Arms,
So fair and full, &c.

RECITATIVE.

She then the Lilly spy'd,
 The Violet in all its Pride,
 She could not lasting Beauty give,
 Then smil'd and bid them bloom again,
 And every Year in Youth celestial live,
 And in these Strains the Goddess fair began,

A I R.

Flora shall lead the happy Year,
 And you in all your Sweets appear,
 And every Maid and every Swain,
 In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
 Shall revel, dance, and sport and play,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May,
And every Maid, &c.

(151)

SONG 207. *Duet.*

D A P H N E.

HAS the Arrow of Cupid ne'er lodg'd in your
Breast, (to rest)
Have you wept for whole Months, nor been able
Till the fair one took Pity and bid you be blest,
Speak boldly the Truth my good Shepherd.

C O L I N.

No that I can't brag of, but all the Day long,
Some Mistress or other has Place in my Song,
My Passion's not lasting but 'tis very strong,
I speak the plain Truth my good Lady.

D A P H N E.

I doubt you're a Rover if so a young Maid,
May fear to be with you within this thick Shade.

C O L I N.

Such Beautys as yours need ne'er be afraid,
I speak the plain Truth my good Lady.

D A P H N E.

Suppose a young Shepherdess just of my Size,
An Air too like mine and a Pair of such Eyes,
Should like you — say would you the Conquest
despise,
Speak boldly the Truth my good Shepherd.

C O L I N.

Plain Dealing's a Jewel you very well know,
And therefore permit me to own e'er I go,
Such a Mistress as you is at best but so so,
I speak the plain Truth my good Lady.

C O L I N.

D A P H N E.

Farewell gentle Maiden. — Farewell thou dull Swain
Go seek thy Companions that brouze on the Plain,

And I care not if e'er I behold thee again,
I speak the plain Truth,

D A P H N E. thou dull Shepherd.

C O L I N. my good Lady.

SONG 208. *On the Brow. &c.*

O N the Brow of Richmond Hill,
Which Europe scarce can parallel,
Ev'ry Eye such Wonders fill,

To view the Prospect round;
Where the Silver Thames does glide,
And stately Courts are edifi'd,
Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
With verdant Beautys crown'd.

Lovely Cynthia passing by,
With brighter Glorys blest my Eye,
Ah then in vain in vain laid I,

The Fields and Flow'rs do shine;
Nature in this charming Place,
Created Pleasure in Excels,
But all are poor to Cynthia's Face,
Whose Features are divine.

SONG 209. *Cynthia frowns, &c.*

C Ynthia frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over,

Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to loose her Lover,
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she looses.

Prithee Cynthia look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late D fire will find you,

When the Power does forsake you,
Think oh! think, oh! sad Condition,
To be past yet with Fruition.

SONG 210. *If Musick, &c.*

IF Musick be the Food of Love,
 Sing on, till I am fill'd with Joy.
 For then my list'ning Soul you move,
 To Pleasures that can never cloy,
 Your Eyes, your Mien, your Tongue declare,
 That you are Musick every where.
 Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear,
 So fierce the Transports are, they wound,
 And all my Senses feasted are,
 Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound,
 Sure I must perish by your Charms,
 Unless you save me in your Arms.

SONG 211. *When Teucer, &c.*

WHEN Teucer from his Father fled,
 And from the Shore of Salamine,
 With a Poplar Wreath he crown'd his Head,
 That glow'd with the Warmth of gen'rous Wine,
 And thus to his drooping Friends he said.
 Cheer up my Hearts your Anchors weigh,
 Tho' Fate our native Soil debar,
 Chance is a better Father far,
 Cheer up my Hearts your Anchors weigh,
 Come plow my Mates the watery Way,
 And fear not under my Command,
 We that have known the worst at Land,
 With th' Morrow's Dawn we'll Anchor weigh,
 Let's drink and drive our Cares away.

SONG 212. *Great Bacchus, &c.*

GREAT Bacchus is mighty in giving us Wine,
 From Italy, Spain, from France and the
 Rhine,
 But of all the great Blessings he to us conveys,
 His Wine of Oporto must carry the Bays.
 Whose Beauty's transcendent and Vigour so stout,
 That as other Wine gives, this still eases the Gout,

That the Scurvy it cures of the Body and Mind,
Both the aged and young by Experience do find.

Of Foes it makes Friends, so the dull it makes
witty,

And pleases each Palate of Country and City, (Sort)
Then if any would know which of Wine's the best
Let him take for his Answer, a Bottle of Port.

SONG 213. *Love thou art, &c.*

LOVE thou art best of human Joys,
Our chiefest Happiness below,
All other Pleasures are but Toys.
Musick without thee is but Noise,
And Beauty but an empty Show.

Heav'n who knew best what Man could move
And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, let him be and let him love,
That alone must his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

SONG 214. *When Mira, &c.*

WHEN Mira sings we seek th' enchanting Sound,
And bless the Notes which do so sweetly
sound,

What Musick needs must dwell upon that Tongue,
Whole Speech is tuneful as another Song.

Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,
So many pointed Arrows who can bear,
The Slave that from her Wit or Beauty flies,
If she but reach him with her Voice he dies.

SONG 215. *Let the daring, &c.*

LET the daring Advent'urers be tofs'd on the Main
And for Riches no Dangers decline, (gain)
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both Indies they
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine,
Tho' with Hazard, &c.

Let the gaudy young Fop, who spends most of his
Time,

At his Glass, the Court, Playhouse and Park,
Write Sonnets to Chloris and sweat for each Rhime,
To be thought a poetical Spark.

Let the Lover look wan, sigh and mourn for his Dear
The bold Bally look pale with his Claps, (Care
We who drink, spend our Nights without any such
And ne'er die of such foolish Mishaps.

The Juice of the Grape can a Beggar enrich,
And supply greater Want in a King,
'Twill sooth all the Cares of a comfortless Wretch,
And make Men in Dungeons to sing,

There's none can groan under a burthensome Life,
If this sovereign Cordial he gains,
'Twill make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rage and Diseases in Chains.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in our Mind,
Theres no Peasant so rank but it fills with good
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd. (Blood,
There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can
On Earth, 'tis a Pow'r that's divine, (bewitch)
Without it we're wretched tho' never so rich,
And no Man is poor that has Wine.

SONG 216. *Bright Gloriana, &c.*

B Right Gloriana is the Saint,
Whom with Devotion I implore,
But she is deaf to my Complaint,
Her Silence tells I must give o'er,
Is it my Zeal's not fervent thought?
Or what I ask'd Offence has giv'n?
No Word but Sigh or Tear with't brought,
Such Rher'rick as prevails in Heaven.
The latter then must be the Cause,
Yet how could that her Anger move?

So harmless my Petition was,
 I only ask'd of her, her Love,
 And now the fatal Reason's found,
 The greater Pains I must endure,
 Such Folly 'tis to search the Wound,
 That does admit no Hopes of Cure,
 With Grief and Anguish I'm perplex'd,
 So sad my Case on either Side,
 I had not liv'd had I not ask'd,
 'Tis worse than Death now I'm deny'd;
 Tell me of neither Racks nor Wheels,
 Tho' sharp they bring no lasting Pain,
 Nor Torments like to that he feels,
 Who loves and is not lov'd again,

SONG 217. *Ab Madam, &c.*

AH Madam you are too severe,
 In double Chains your Slave to bind,
 Are all your Fetters doom'd to wear,
 That are not deaf as well as blind;
 Then I'll no more my Eyes accuse,
 For leading my poor Heart astray,
 Should they the strictest Caution use,
 My Ears its Freedom would betray.
 The Fortress cannot be maintain'd,
 Already more than half o'erthrown,
 For since my Eyes and Ears are gain'd,
 The chiefest Outworks are your own,
 Then freely I'll my Heart resign,
 Let it at least my Comfort be,
 She nothing cruel can design,
 That's all made up of Harmony.

SONG 218. *Damon why will, &c.*

DAmon why will you die for Love,
 Yet ne'er your Flames discover,
 Be wise and soon that Pain remove,
 Or tell the Nymph you love her;

As in each other fierce Disease,
 So in Love's cruel Anguish,
 He who wants Sense to beg for Ease,
 Deserves in Pain to languish.

Women like Fortune love the bold,
 Like her their Minds they vary.
 Perhaps this Day tho' Cælia's cold,
 With you the next she'll marry:
 Be sure be true if she is kind,
 If cruel then forget her,
 With little Pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better,

SONG 219. *As Archers, &c.*

AS Archers and Fiddlers who cunningly know,
 The Way to procure themselves Merit,
 Will always provide them two Strings to their Bow,
 And manage their Business with Spirit,
 And manage, &c.

So likewise the provident Damsel shou'd do,
 Who'd make the best Use of her Beauty,
 If her Mark she would hit, or her Lesson play thro'
 Two Lovers should still be on Duty.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Supply,
 Thus far her Revenge she may carry,
 One Spark for her Sport she may jilt and set by,
 And t'other poor Soul she may marry.

SONG 220. *The Dust Cart, a
 favourite Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AS tick'ring Tom thro' th' Streets his Trade did
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by (cry.)
 In Dust Cart high advanc'd the Nymph was plac'd
 With the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist,

Tom with uplified Hands th' Occasion blest,
And thus in soothing Strains the Maid address'd.

A I R.

Oh Sylvia ! while you drive your Carts,
To pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts,
You take our Dust and steal our Hearts,
That mine is gone alas is true,
And dwells among the Dust with you,
And dwells among the Dust with you,
Ah lovely Sylvia ease my Pain,
Give me my Heart, you stole, again,
Give me my Heart, out of your Cart,
Give me my Heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the Rabble Rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about,
She heav'd her swelling Breast as black as Sloe,
And look'd Disdain on little Folks below,
To Tom she nodded as the Cart drew on,
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

A I R.

Shall I who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry Crowd oppress'd,
Ambition now my Soul does fire,
The Youths shall languish and admire,
And every Girl with anxious Heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride,
Long to ride in my Dust Cart,
And every Girl with anxious Heart,
Shall long to ride, in my Dust Cart,
Shall long to ride in my Dust Cart.

SONG 221. Away let nought, &c.

AWAY let nought to Love displeasing,
My Annabella move thy Fear,
Let nought delay the heav'nly Blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride nor gloomy Care,

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors,
 With pompous Titles grace our Blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial Honours,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our Names, while Virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where e'er they're spoke,
 And all the great ones much shall wonder,
 How they admire such little Folk,
 What tho' from Fortune's lavish Bounty,
 No mighty Treasures we possess,
 We'll find, within our Pittance, Plenty,
 And be content without Excess.

Thus shall each kind returning Season,
 Sufficient for our Wishes give,
 For we will live a Life of Reason,
 And that's the only Life to live,
 Thro' Youth and Age in Love excelling,
 We'll Hand in Hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,
 And Babes, sweet smiling Babes our Bed.

How should I love the pretty Creatures,
 Whilst round my Knees they sweetly clung,
 To see them look their Mother's Features,
 To hear them lisp their Mother's Tongue,
 And when with Envy, Time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our Joys,
 You'll in your Girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

SONG 222. *Sabina has, &c.*

SABINA has a thousand Charms,
 To captivate my Heart,
 Her lovely Eyes are Cupid's Arms,
 And ev'ry Look a Dart:
 But when the beauteous Idiot speaks,
 She cures me of my Pain,

Her Tongue the servile Fetters breaks,
And frees her Slave again.

Had Nature to Sabina lent,
Beauty with Reason crown'd,
Each single Shaft her Eyes had sent,
Had giv'n a mortal Wound,
Now tho' each Hour she gains a Heart,
And makes Mankind her Slave,
Yet like the Græcian Hero's Dart,
She heals the Wound she gave.

SONG 223. *Whilst I'm, &c.*

Whilst I'm carousing to cheer up my Soul,
O how I triumph to see a full Bowl.
This is the Treasure, the only Pleasure,
The Blessing that makes me rejoice and sing,
For while I'm drinking, free from all thinking,
Then am I greater than the greatest King.
I'm greater, I'm greater than the greatest King.

SONG 224. *Mortals wisely, &c.*

Mortals wisely learn to measure,
Time by the Extent of Joy ;
Life's a short and fleeting Treasure,
Let's be gay whilst we may,
And our Hours in Mirth employ.

Never let a Mistress pain you,
Tho' she meets you with a Frown,
Fly to Wine, it will unchain you,
Fase your Heart, and all Smart,
In the sweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flames shou'd seize you,
To some gentler Maid repair ;
She'll with kind Endearments ease you,
On her Breast lull to rest,
Eas'd of Love and free from Care.

Friendship, Love and Wine united,
 From all Ills defend the Mind,
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy State ! smile on Fate !
 And give Sorrow to the Wind.

SONG 225. *What is't, &c.*

WHAT is't to us who guides the State,
 Who's out of Favour or who's great ?
 Who are the Ministers, and Spies,
 Who votes for Places, or who buys ?
 The World will still be rul'd by Knaves,
 And Fools contending to be Slaves,
 Small Things, my Friends, serve for Support,
 Life's troublesome at best, and short,

Our Youth runs back, Occasion flies,
 Grey Hairs come on, and Pleasure dies,
 Who would the present Blessing loose,
 For Empire which he cannot use ?
 Kind Providence has us supply'd,
 With what to others is deny'd,
 Virtue, which teaches to condemn
 And scorn ill Actions, and ill Men.

Beneath this Lime-Tree's fragrant Shade,
 On Beds of Flow'rs supinely laid,
 Let's then all other Cares remove,
 And drink and sing to those we love,
 Here's to Neera, Heav'n design'd
 Perfection of the charming Kind,
 May she be blest as she is fair,
 And pity me as I love her.

SONG 226. *I fear'd your, &c.*

I Fear'd your Love, I know you're fair,
 That might have caus'd my Pain,
 My grateful Heart could not forbear,
 But must have lov'd again,

The sullen Scorn your Eyes impart,
 I would much rather have,
 Your haughty Pride would free that Heart,
 Your Kindness might enslave.

As when Storms rage and Seas grow high,
 They friendly bid beware,
 But when they're smooth, and calm the Sky,
 'Tis then they would ensnare,
 So Tenderness our Hearts beguiles,
 Whilst Scorn our Freedom crowns,
 There is more Danger in your Smiles,
 Than can be in your Frowns.

SONG 227. *No poor suffering, &c.*

NO, poor suffering Heart, no Change endeavour
 Chuse to sustain the Smart, rather than
 leave her,

My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
 I can dye with her, but not live without her ;
 One tender Sigh of hers, to see me languish,
 Will more than pay the Price of my past Anguish,
 Beware oh ! cruel Fair how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in Store for me one happy Minute,
 And she will end my Pain who did begin it,
 Then no Day void of Bliss, and Pleasure leaving,
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving.
 Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death, when they would
 seize us,

Time and Death shall depart and say in flying,
 Love has found out a Way to live by dying.

SONG 228. *Wit and Beauty, &c.*

WIT and Beauty combine by the Help of good
 To perfect poor Mortals in Blissess. (Wine)
 For Honour's a Bubble and Riches a Trouble,
 And the happier he that them misses.

So my Friend be but witty, my Nymph kind and
 I wish not the Stile of your Honour, (pretty,)
 When my Claret is right, I have all the Delight,
 That Wealth hath attending upon her.

SONG 229. *You understand, &c.*

YOU understand no tender Vows,
 Of fervent and eternal Love,
 That Lover will his Labour lose,
 Who does with Sighs and Tears propose,
 Your Heart to move,
 But if he talks of settling Land,
 A House in Town and Coach maintain'd.
 You understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air,
 To any Fop you will submit,
 The nauseous Clown or fulsome Cit,
 If rich they are,
 Who Guineas can, may you, command,
 Put Gold, and then put in their Land,
 You understand.

SONG 230. *How vile are, &c.*

HOW vile are the fordid Intrigues of the Town
 Cheating and lying continually sway,
 From Bully and Punk, to the politick Gown,
 In plotting and sotting they waste the Day.
 All their Discourse is of foreign Affairs,
 The French and the Wars is always the Cry,
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 A Curse of this jarring, what Luck have I.
 I hop'd a rich Trader by ogling Charms,
 Into my conjugal Fetters to bring,
 I planted my Snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
 But found his Design was another Thing.

From the Court Province, down to the dull Cits,
 Both Cully and Wits, of Marriage are shy,
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining.
 A Pox of the Monsieur what Luck have I.

SONG 231. *How long must, &c.*

HOW long must Women wish in vain,
 A constant Love to find,
 No Art can fickle Man retain,
 Or fix a roving Mind.
 Thus fondly we ourselves deceive,
 And empty Hopes pursue,
 Tho' false to others, we believe,
 They will to us prove true.

But oh the Torment to discern,
 A perjur'd Lover gone,
 And yet by sad Experience learn,
 That we must still love on:
 How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
 Who tread the Maze of Love,
 When most desirous to retreat,
 We know not how to move.

SONG 232. *Boasting Fops, &c.*

Boasting Fops who court the Fair,
 For the Fame of being lov'd,
 You who daily prating are,
 Of the Hearts your Charms have mov'd;
 Still be vain in Talk and Drest,
 But while Shadows you pursue,
 Own that some who boast it less,
 May be blest'd as much as you.

Love and Birding are ally'd,
 Baits and Nets alike they have,
 The same Arts in both are try'd,
 The unwary to enslave,

If in each you'd happy prove,
Without Noise still watch your Prey,
For, in Birding and in Love,
While we talk it flies away.

SONG 233. A Dialogue.

T H Y R S I S.

WHY my *Daphne* why complaining,
And my Sighs and Tears disdaining,
Since not many Hours are past,
When with Hands lift up to Heav'n,
Then our plighted Faith was giv'n,
Vowing they should ever last.

D A P H N E.

Oh! ingrateful fly Deceiver,
And I easy fond Believer,
To think that Man could e'er be true?
This to *Egla* was a Token,
Witness all your Vows are broken,
And I, poor I'm undone by you.

T H Y R S I S.

Could that false malicious Creature,
Work upon your easy Nature?
Could she say that Gift was mine?
No, that Garland, *Egla* gave me,
But her Arts could ne'er enslave me,
No my Life, my all is thine.

D A P H N E.

Oh! how quick my Heart is beating,
Ev'ry Pulse the Joy repeating,
Pleas'd to find my Swain so true,
Thyrsis is my only Treasure,
Oh! I love beyond all Measure,
And would quit the World for you.

B O T H.

Oh! how quick, &c.

SONG 234. *As soon as &c.*

AS soon as the Chaos was made into Form,
 The first Race of Men knew a Good from a
 They quickly did join in acknowledge divine, (Harm
 That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women
 and Wine,

Since when by Example, improving Delights,
 Wine governs our Days Love and Beauty our Nights
 Love on then and drink,

'Tis a Folly to think,

Of a Mystery out of our Reaches,

Be moral in Thought,

To be merry's no Fault,

Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches,

For never my Friends was an Age of more Vice,

Than when Knaves would seem pious and Fools
 wou'd seem wise.

SONG 235. *Thyrsis inconstant, &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E

THYRSIS inconstant, apt to rove,

Seated in a shady Grove,

Thus besought the God of Love.

A L R.

Son of Venus, pow'rful Boy,

Author of our Grief and Joy,

Son of Venus, &c.

Hear an ardent Lover's Prayer,

And bring me my Clarinda here.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cupid his Petition heard,

Fair Clarinda soon appear'd.

Youth and Beauty round her shining,

Youth and Innocence combining,

With gen'rous Fires inflam'd his Breast,

While thus the Swain their Pow'r confest.

Lovely Nymph no more I'll range,
Thyrsis now no more will change,

Lovely Nymph, &c.

All that may give Delight I see,
All thy beauteous Sex in thee,
Love join'd with Virtue chaste and true,
Will always make Clarinda new.

SONG 236. *When lovely, &c.*

WHEN lovely Phillis thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind,
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
'T'excell the mighty Pow'r of Wine,
But when thou insult'it and laughs at my Pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling Champaign,
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee,
Perswasive Love so charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wish again,
But when thou art cruel and heeds not my Care,
Strait with a Bumper I banish Despair,
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

SONG 237. *I lov'd fair, &c.*

I Lov'd fair Celia many Years,
Before she shew'd her Art,
Her Beauty first, her Humor next,
By Turns engag'd my Heart,
But when to these the Friendship join'd,
Her Charms were so intire,
That without being dull and blind,
I could none else admire,

SONG 238. *Ye frolicksome, &c.*

YE frolicksome Sparks of the Game,
 Ye Misers both wretched and old,
 Come listen to Billy by Name,
 Who once had his Hat full of Gold,
 And seven Score Acres in Land,
 With Corn and Cattle in Store,
 But now I have none at Command,
 Yet my Heart is gay as before.
*Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys,
 A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,
 Go thorough the World brave Boys.*

My Father was cloathed in Leather,
 My Mother in Sheep Ruffet grey,
 They labour'd in all Sorts of Weather,
 That I might go gallant and gay,
 With my Rapier, Hat mounted with Feather,
 My Heart too as light as a Cork,
 And what the old Folks scrap'd together,
 I spread it abroad with my Fork.
Then why should, &c.

The Merchant who trades on the Seas,
 For Riches you very well know,
 His Heart can ne'er be at Ease,
 When terrible Tempests do blow,
 His Happiness is very small,
 For Fear of some terrible News,
 But he that's got nothing at all,
 Has little or nothing to lose.
Then why should, &c.

Should they make me a Justice of Peace,
 An Alderman, Shreeve or Lord Mayor,
 With Riches my Cares would encrease,
 And throw me quite into Despair.
 I love to be jolly and free,
 I'll ne'er be concern'd in the State,

My Mind is a Kingdom to me,
There's Danger in being too great,
Then why should, &c,

Some say that Care kill'd a Cat,
It starv'd her and caus'd her to die,
But I'll be wiser than that,
For the Devil a Care will have I,
But to tofs of a jolly full Bowl,
To drive away Sorrow and Strife,
Here's a Health to that honest brave Soul,
Who never knew Care in his Life.
*Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
Or any such glittering Toys,
A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,
Go thorough the World brave Boys.*

SONG 239. *When first, &c.*

WHEN first I fair Cordelia knew,
I found her Heart in Chains,
To one who proud o'th' Conquest grew,
And triumph'd in her Pains,
I feign'd a Gallantry to her,
That Passion to remove,
My Tryal was alas too dear,
In me at last 'twas Love.
So have I seen when Bullies meet,
Inflam'd with Wine and Rage,
Each draws on t'other in the Street,
And vig'rously engage,
One, who to part 'em makes a Stand,
Too indiscreetly brave,
Receive his Death from the Friend's Hand,
Whose Life he try'd to save.

SONG 240. *Nestor who did, &c.*

NESTOR who did to thrice Man's Age attain,
By vast Experience found,
That busy Statesmen did project in vain,
When Bumpers pass'd not briskly round,

(1701)

This Maxim then he to his Master gave,
When he in Council should debate,
Not Trojan like to sit morose and grave,
But drink and so support the State,

SONG 241. *Britons in, &c.*

Britons in tuneful Lays,
Unite Prince George to praise,
With boundless Joy,
That Day recorded be,
Which gave him Birth; that he
Might guard our Liberty,
And Foes destroy,

Cease Sorrow, and no more,
Blest Fred'rick's Loss deplore,

Since 'tis in vain;
But see th' illustrious Son,
The same bright Course doth run,
Nor aught will leave undone:
Each Heart to gain.

That he may be renown'd,
With Goodness to abound,

Join we to sing:
May he true Glory love,
And long to Britain prove,
A Blessing from above,
A George like King.

F I N I S.



